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MADAME DE LA PELETERIE.

THE residence of Madame de la Peleterie and her friends, among the Algonquins, was most useful; they passed from one village to another, addressed the adults, more especially the females, to whom their mission was almost exclusively directed; instructed the children, and founded several schools.

The Indian women sometimes came out in procession to meet them, singing sadly as they advanced, and dancing around them in the wild exuberance of spirits, while others poured benedictions on their heads. The gentle manners and demeanor of the strangers were soon imitated by the Indian girls, who made far more progress in cultivation and taste under the tuition of the white, than of the black robe.

In the midst of this zeal and success, was La Peleterie's heart laid bare; many a regret, like a sudden pang—many a pale and buried image—would be seen to haunt even her

sacrifices:—could it be otherwise?—the past had not been one of sin and sorrow, but an intellectual, beautiful, imaginative past, which defies us ever to forget it.

Even in her slumbers on her pillow of skins, in a bark hut, her face pallid, her delicate hands worn with toil, the forest wind wailing by—she is once more in her hall, and a mighty being is before her, wasted like herself—it is Richelieu, nearly at the term of his career of glory, listening intently to her mission, and mourning that he must meet the king of terrors. He had been her great patron: and while she tells of the blessedness of the way, his eye is lifted in hope. Then the forms she had loved gather eagerly round, the sallies of wit and genius are flashing—and she wakes with the howl of the wolf, and the cold rush of the St. Lawrence, in her ear.

It would appear that the right of conferring baptism, vested alone in

the abbess of a convent, was delegated to the lady and the nuns, amidst the perishing Indians. It is not easy to be often doing good, if the expression is allowable, without getting good in return; whosoever loves, day by day, to weep with them that weep, to read and pray with them that are in darkness, to dry their tears, relieve their wants, and lift up their heads, surely that person shall be blest in their deed. Such was Madame de la Peleterie: whose spirit, unstrengthened, unvisited of God, could never have been thus faithful to the last. "She made herself poor," says a Jesuit writer, "with such earnestness for Jesus Christ, animated with her own spirit the recluses, who esteemed and loved her as their guide and benefactress; this admirable widow spared nothing for the salvation of souls; her zeal induced her, in more than one situation, to cultivate the earth with her own hands, in order to have wherewith to solace the poor converts; she spoiled herself of all the ornaments and comforts she had reserved for her own use, that she might have clothing for the numerous infants which they presented to her, almost naked: her career was a series of heroic actions, for the love of charity."

In the year 1640, a religious establishment was formed in Montreal, which had ever been an object with the early missionaries. Madame de la Peleterie assisted at the solemn mass; for wherever any thing was to be done for the advancement of the faith, there she was to be found. In 1642, the Iroquois declared war against the Hurons; during which many of the missionaries gained the crown of martyrdom: one of them, Paul Jogues, who was long a prisoner among the Iroquois, was tortured many times, and even in the midst of his sufferings sought the conversion of those who inflicted them. This missionary contrived to

escape from his enemies, and returned to France, to obtain permission from the pope to celebrate the divine mysteries with his mutilated hands. The pope granted his prayer, saying, "Indignum esset Christi martyrum Christi non libere sanguinem." Whilst in Europe, this venerable man was exposed to severe trials, in the honors that were paid him; but he was meek in spirit, and humble in heart; he was tried, and not found wanting. He returned to his labors in the world, and also to his sufferings. A more eminent success was given to their mission a few years subsequent. Several of the Hurons were so animated by religious zeal, that they were sent to preach the truth to what was called "the Neutral Nation;" and their lively discourses were useful to many.

About the year 1644, the Algonquins embraced more decidedly the gospel: an illustrious chief of their nation was baptized at Montreal, where the French lady was his god-mother: the church was filled with a numerous audience, who seemed to enjoy the spectacle, in which there was something novel and impressive. The copper-colored chieftain and his fair sponsor were nearly of the same age: she bound herself to watch over his progress in religion—to guard him against the snares of the evil one, and his own wild heart—a pledge, that, in the multiplicity of her own cares and employments, could not be very constantly observed. Yet it was an exulting moment to this excellent lady; the Algonquins were the first and principal object of her mission: the conversion and baptismal ceremony of the chief, had a benign influence on his people. She spared not herself, entering into new engagements and visitations, at one time in Montreal, to awaken the zeal and contributions of the colonists, at another in the Indian villages, watching the beautiful progress of

faith: a witness day by day to some fresh conversion or consolation, the only reward she sought. In 1646, two of the earlier missionaries, Evremond Massé and De Noué, died; the latter was found, having lost his way, on his knees amidst the snow. Soon after this, the martyrdom of many missionaries took place.

Did not La Peleterie fear a like doom?—she possessed the heroism, that is the glory, of her countrywomen when actuated by some high excitement. Boldness and energy were the qualities of her mind, that loved the “still waters and green pastures” less than the conflict and the blast. Had the Hurons bound her to the stake, she would have tastefully arranged the plume of dark feathers in her hair, and sung her death-song gallantly.

Brebœuf and Lallemand closed their career in this manner; the former, an intrepid man, of a strong and powerful frame; the latter, to appearance, delicate and feeble. De Brebœuf, in the midst of his tortures, spoke with the voice of a prophet; and when Lallemand was brought forth, said to him in a cheerful voice, “We are made a spectacle unto the world, to angels, and to men.” Lallemand, finding himself a moment at liberty, rushed toward his comforter, knelt at his feet, and entreated him in his prayer to the Lord to grant him patience and faith, which, with confusion, he confessed, might fail him. The death of these men was followed by that of others. Scarcely a year passed, that the land was not wet with missionary blood.

With all the diligence and zeal of Madame de la Peleterie and her two Ursulines, it was not till 1688 that regular missions were established among the Algonquins. Sault Ste. Marie was the centre of their operations: here they cleared the ground, sowed grain, and did all in their power to fix the savages there. Dur-

ing the first two years, three hundred persons were baptized. There came from her own land, some years afterwards, a young Indian woman to reside at Sault Ste. Marie, whose history is full of interest. Her mother was an Algonquin, and her father an Iroquois; she was left an orphan at the age of four years, under the protection of her uncle, who was the chief-tain of the village. As she grew to womanhood, the time that she could spare from domestic occupations was occupied in little works of taste and ornament, in which she had great skill. The young Iroquois women delight to show themselves at the public assemblies in their finest dresses, and adorned with all that they have most precious. Their wardrobes consist of various stuffs which they buy from the Europeans, and cloaks of fur; they cover themselves with shells from head to foot, of which they make bracelets, necklaces, earrings, and belts, and garnish even their sandals with these shells. Tegahkouita was very fond of these ornaments; but when she became a Christian, she began to look upon them as sinful, and expiated her having worn them by a severe penitence. When the French conquered the Iroquois, they thought it a favorable occasion to send them missionaries. Three Jesuits who were acquainted with their language, were chosen to accompany the Iroquois deputies on their return. They lodged in Onondago, in the house of the uncle of Tegahkouita; her modesty, and the sweetness of temper with which she attended them, touched the strangers. The girl observing them closely, was struck with their assiduity in prayer, and the other exercises in which the day was spent. Her uncle sought out for her a husband, because, according to the custom of the country, the game which the husband kills in the chase, is for the profit of the wife and the

rest of the family. The Iroquois was entirely averse to marriage; already dreaming of the happiness of a single life, she alleged her extreme youth as an excuse—to which her relative yielded. A few months after, an Indian lover, chosen by her uncle, entered one evening the dwelling, and sat down by her side. It is thus that marriages are concluded among the Iroquois, who, in the midst of an excessive profligacy of manners, preserve in public the appearances of extreme modesty: a young man would be dishonored, who stopped to converse in public with a girl. When the parents have agreed upon the marriage, the lover comes into the cabin of his future bride, and sits down beside her, in token that he takes her for his wife. The young chieftainess, taken by surprise, blushed deeply, and, rising instantly, hastened from the cabin. At this time the celebrated Jacques de Lamberville came as a missionary to Onondago. Tegahkouita never failed to be present at the daily instructions and prayers in the chapel, and at length an occasion of declaring her long-cherished desire presented itself. A wound which she had received, confined her to her home, whilst the greater part of the women were gone to the field and forest. Lamberville, visiting at leisure those Indians who remained behind, entered the home of the girl, who, scarcely able to contain her joy at his sight, opened her heart to him without reserve, and told how eagerly she desired to become a Christian: she explained also the opposition she had to surmount on the part of her family. Lamberville, who afterwards fell nobly by a cruel death, was struck in this first interview with her courage and intelligence: the vivacity of her spirit was visible in her eloquent words and expressive features—with a naiveté and candor, that convinced him she would be-

come an ornament to Christianity. He took great pains to explain to her its doctrines and requirements, but he declined to grant her baptism until a further experience of her sincerity; he employed the whole winter in these instructions, and in a close observance of her conduct. In the ensuing Easter he baptized her by the name of Catherine. And now the young neophyte thought only of fulfilling her high engagements; aspiring and enthusiastic, she resolved not to be satisfied with the common virtues and observances of religion; she felt herself called to a more sublime and perfect life. Besides the public instructions in which she always assisted, she demanded more peculiar counsel for the interior of the heart; her prayers, devotions, and penitences were strictly and daily regulated; she wept, and strove after the perfection for which she panted. Her relations regarded a life so pure, as a tacit reproach on their own disorders, and assailed her with a variety of temptations. With what joy she saw the festival days return, when she could join in the choirs; with the psalmody they blended hymns and canticles. Many of them possessed a fine ear and a melodious voice, and were passionately fond of music. What a contrast was this scene of gentleness and devotion, to that of the council-room of the warriors, who met every day around “the great fire of Onondago,” to discuss some cruel inroad or bloody stratagem. Her relations were irritated to the last degree by her firmness, which nothing could shake; she was sometimes pursued and harassed on her way to the chapel; and one day, when she sat alone in her cottage, a young Indian entered, his eyes sparkling with rage, with a tomahawk in his hand, which he whirled several times round her head, as if watching the moment to strike. Wearied with these crosses and outrages, Catherine

earnestly desired to transport herself to another mission, where she might serve God in peace and freedom; but this was hard of achievement, for all her steps were watched narrowly. Peace being established between the nations, there was formed by degrees, near the French settlements, a colony of Iroquois, consisting of hunters, who halted on the rich prairie of the Madelaine; the missionaries visited them with success, and the greater part of them were baptized. Their example drew many of their countrymen to the Madelaine; and in a few years, the mission of St. Francis Xavier du Sault became celebrated for the number and fervor of its converts.

An adopted sister of Catherine's went to live at the mission of Sault Ste. Marie, and she engaged her husband to go with one of his companions to Onondago. They came, and sent secret intelligence to the niece of the chieftain: he was fortunately absent; Catherine went instantly to take leave of Lamberville; he approved of her design, gave her his farewell advice, and a recommendation to the missionaries at Sault Ste. Marie. Early on the morrow, she turned her back on Onondago; the love of her home and the scenes of childhood, was broken by oppression. She fled along the banks of the river Zinochsa, where Zeisberger afterwards loved to wander. Intelligence of her flight was quickly sent to her uncle; the old warrior loaded his fusil with three balls, and hastened after the fugitive. The two Iroquois who had foreseen this, concealed her in the thickest part of the wood, and sat down idly on the bank. The chief, on coming up and seeing them thus alone, believed that he had listened to an idle report, and returned to Onondago. On arriving at Sault Ste. Marie, Catherine went to live with her brother-in-law; and now finding herself in free possession

of all her privileges and blessings, her soul spread its wings towards that perfection which it was her hope to attain. Four hours of every morning were passed in the chapel; she heard mass at the break of day, and in the course of the day she broke from time to time from her work, to go and converse with her Lord at the foot of the altar. In the evening she returned to the chapel, which she did not leave until night. So deeply did she enter into the love of prayer, as often to pass several hours at a time in its intense engagement. The week was closed by a strict examination of faults and imperfections, that she might efface them in the sacrament of penitence, which she approached every Saturday evening. "The high idea that she had of the majesty of God, made her regard the least offence against him with horror; and when she had committed one, however slight, she could not forgive herself, and wept bitterly." She had placed a cross in a solitary place on the bank of the river; here she would sometimes retire with her two friends, Anastasia and Theresa, and converse alone, and sing together; their voices rose beautifully in the solitude of the forest, in the stillness of the evening. "Her love of the Eucharist, and for the passion of our Lord was inexpressible: these two mysteries were rarely absent from her thoughts. In the dead of winter, she passed two hours every day kneeling at the foot of the altar, till her limbs were nearly frozen. I sent her into the cottage to warm herself: a few moments after, I saw her rushing again through the aisle, her tears flowing fast, and kissing fondly the little cross she always wore at her bosom, in remembrance of her redemption. 'Keep me not, O my Father,' she said, 'keep me not from the altar of the Lord, from its ravishing delights. I do not feel the cold.'"

Even in the place which she had thought as safe as a convent, other lovers started up, won by her virtues, her attractions, and the sweetness of her temper: even her brother-in-law implored her to accept a most advantageous marriage, and her sister-in-law took part against her in this argument. She went to the missionary: "Ah, my father," said she, "I am no longer my own: am I not given entirely to Jesus Christ? I will have no other spouse. The poverty with which they menace me, I do not fear; my wants in this miserable life are so few, that I can always satisfy them with the work of my hands." The missionary interfered with effect, and her troubles on this account returned no more. It was now the end of autumn, when the Iroquois go forth to the chase; the wives and daughters often accompany the hunters, for the season is full of animation and joy; the woods ring with shouts and cheers, with the hissing of the arrows, and the crack of the rifles. At evening the various parties assemble round large fires, beneath the noble forest trees, and feast on the game. The missionary entreated Catherine to go to seek a change of air and food, which were more healthful in the forest, for she began to decline rapidly. "It is true, my father," she replied, "that the body is treated more delicately in the woods, but the soul languishes there; it cannot satisfy its hunger; the chapel, the presence of the Lord at our altars, the holy sacrifice of the mass, the frequent exhortations, and the other exercises, are not to be found there. My soul cannot afford to lose these delights."

As long as her strength allowed, she would seek the recesses of the wood, or the shore of the St. Lawrence, where nature is in her lone empire of glory. The hour of her last sacrifice drew near: in the morning of her life, this noble Iroquois

sank on her death-bed, in exquisite agony. "It is too great a happiness," she said, "to live and die on the cross, and join without ceasing her sufferings to those of her Redeemer; perhaps they might augment her merit in his eyes." Athanasia sat by her side: they spoke of the past wants and mercies of her life, of Onondago and its sorrows: the spirit rose above the anguish that tore the body, above the terror and darkness of the grave. The missionary witnessed with surprise and admiration the closing scene: did he feel no doubt whether he had rightly guided such a soul? whose virtues and graces, entirely wasted as they were, left a deep impression on the whole settlement. Her features, worn by austerities, resumed after death all their sweetness of expression; of which a strange and characteristic evidence occurred. Two Frenchmen, who came from the Prairie of the Madeleine to the morning service, seeing the body stretched on the mats, the face hushed as in slumber, said one to another, "Look how peacefully that beautiful young Indian sleeps;" learning, a few moments after, that it was the remains of Catherine, they instantly returned to the cottage, knelt down at the feet, and recommended themselves earnestly to her prayers. They ordered a handsome coffin to bear her to the grave, and followed her in the long procession that moved slowly to the cemetery in the plain of the Madeleine: the missionaries felt that their most eminent pupil was gone. The Iroquois raised no funeral wail, though she was the daughter of a warrior, and the niece of their great chieftain; but they sung the *Dies iræ* as they moved on, and the effect was more solemn and awful than the mourning even of a great people.

One of the companions of Madame de la Peleterie, was a very admirable person. She left the Ursuline Con-

vent at Tours, and her life was written by Charlevoix, "*La Vie de Marie de l'Incarnation*;" more fortunate than her lay companion in a biographer, the virtues and deeds of Marie are fully emblazoned, while to those of the former less justice has been done. The two Ursulines devoted their cares more entirely to the hospital of the Hotel Dieu in Quebec, and the sick and poor of the town. These kind Sœurs de la Charité established a perfect neatness and order in the wards and arrangements. Whoever has visited one of the houses of these Sisters, and seen them moving in their white robes amidst the patients, with looks of pity and words of mercy, reading to them, praying by their bed-sides, can hardly help blessing them.

The convent at this time existing in Quebec, is the fruit of the zeal of these Ursulines; it consists of three stories, divided into long galleries, on both sides of which are cells, halls, and chambers. The cells of the nuns are in the highest story, painted, and hung with paper pictures of saints: a bed, a little desk, and chair, compose all the furniture. They have no fires in winter; in the gallery without there is a stove. In the middle story is the large room, finely painted and adorned, with a stove, where they pass the day together, at needle-work, embroidering, gilding, and making ornaments of flowers; many of them are ladies of good family. In the refectory there are several small tables; also, on a desk, the New Testament, and the Lives of the Saints: all are silent while they dine, save the nun who reads. In an adjoining room is a gilt table, with pictures and wax candles, which burn till the hour of repose: here they pray. The hospital makes a part of the convent, and in its halls are two rows of beds on each side, within each other, furnished with curtains; in each are fine bed-clothes,

with clean double sheets: the beds are two or three yards distant from each other, and near each is a small table. In the halls are good iron stoves, and large windows. The nuns carefully attend the sick with nourishment and medicines: the physician comes twice a day. The Jesuits' church in Quebec is a fine edifice; the college is magnificently built, and its library well regulated; it has a large garden and orchards.

Marie de l'Incarnation was called to leave her toils: in the decline of life, but not in its sear and yellow leaf, she yielded up her spirit. La Peleterie had first called her to the field: from the hour in which she persuaded the Ursuline to leave the convent at Tours, the latter had been as her second self; the works of her hands and the purposes of her heart were alike pure and beautiful. They had desired to lay down their charge, and cross the dark river of death together; but it was not thus to be. Marie breathed her last in the arms of her friend. She was a woman of meek yet lofty spirit, of many accomplishments, an illustrious descent, and an entire consecration of all to God.

The mission was at this time in a prosperous state. Louis XIV. continued, in the midst of his pleasures and luxuries, to aid it with his protection and his purse. Other laborers came on the field, to replace the slain. Madame de la Peleterie, now that her toils began to be oppressive, felt that their harvest was at hand. The influence of her god-son, the great chief of the Algonquins, was incessantly employed in aid of Christianity. When his patroness came, in her wanderings, to visit his home, the whole family, relations and vassals, were in a transport of joy; they would have held festivals in her honor; but the feast, the dance, and carousal were discouraged by the missionary; yet there was so much kind-

ness and gentleness in her rebukes, that the savages could not bear to do anything that would grieve her. Una, among the wild beasts of the forest, was no unapt resemblance to the fervent and noble Frenchwoman in the midst of the Algonquins and Iroquois, whose fierce eyes cowered beneath her own, while they greedily drank every word that fell from her lips. She rarely came to a village without leaving some gracious feelings and thoughts behind. While she thus soothed the woes and ministered to the wants of others, was her own heart free from trouble? It began to feel the bitterness of being left alone in the world: where were the associates of past life? their kindness, their voices even from a far land, the presence of their spirit with her was gone. Richelieu, her first patron, had died many years since, soon followed by his king, Louis XIII. His niece, the patroness, the correspondent, the lover of La Peleterie—alas! could not death spare Isabelle, duchess d'Aiguillon, the beautiful, the munificent, the powerful, who had lavished her wealth on the mission, and watched over it like a parent, with her interest at court, her counsel, her sympathy: her letters, so welcome amidst the wilds of Canada—her prayers, that seemed to unite the soul of the missionary to her own soul—were ceased!

The pious duchess de Longueville also was taken; in her monastic retreat she remembered the Algonquins—at the altar, in her cell, and when wandering in the solitudes without the walls. "The trees and brushwood, which once formed regular avenues to the terrace where she loved to walk, now spread their branches, with grey lichens, in every rude and fantastic form; and amidst the ruins and weeds, every gay garden-flower and shrub, that once decorated this spot, is yet seen running

wild; myrtles, lilacs, and roses flourish amidst the clematis, brambles, and nettles: the Portugal laurel spreads over the ruined archways; and the delicate but frail blossom of the gum-cistus scatters its snowy showers amidst the dark ivy." In this solitude, La Peleterie had wandered with her friend; and often, in the sad forests of Canada, and beside her watchfire, she thought of the hours and days of delightful and blessed intercourse with this fascinating and devoted woman, and pictured her prostrate, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, from which the tears were streaming for the salvation of the savage. When heart is knit to heart, thought to thought, and memory to memory, then is thy victory, O death! thy unutterable sting, O grave!—religion may sanctify, but cannot bring back the lost. Perhaps she had looked forward to return, to spend her latter days with them; exquisite days, in which she would tell of her struggles, her mercies, her conflicts. It was now too late to form new attachments; very many years had passed, and fast increasing years were visible in the fine features and buoyant step of Madame de la Peleterie. She had no child; she was the only one of her parents, who were both at rest. Her husband had died soon after marriage; and when dearer than all earth held beside, D'Aiguillon and Longueville died, she felt "that its golden bowl was broken."

With regard to her mission, there was little cause for tears, save of gratitude. Many a strong man among the missionaries was slain or captive, while her frail life was spared. The contagious diseases that several times visited the Indians, did not affect her. There was still the same absorbing desire and fervor to bring the whole nation of the Algonquins to God; but for this, she would now be desolate indeed. The heart that delights

in the good of others can never be desolate; at morn and eve, in the loneliness of night, it soon ceases to dwell intensely on itself, and flies to mingle in the sorrows and joys of others—feeling that charity, like all dear and long-cherished habits, has become its second nature, without which it “cannot live, or move, or have any being.”

Many a rude chapel had been reared in the Algonquin wilds. The splendid ceremony in the church at Montreal, where their chieftain was baptized, had greatly struck the savages, who would have gloried in a goodly edifice rising in their wilderness: but architecture was, with them, in its very rudest state; the walls were of rough boards and the branches of trees, and the roof covered with moss and leaves; no steeple rose, no bell sent forth its tones far and wide. “In the midst of these continual occupations, you will hardly believe with what rapidity the days pass away; time is never slow in these wildernesses. Early in the morning, I teach the catechism to the children and young people; afterwards, till noon, the women come to consult me about their troubles and inquietudes, their marriages and attachments. I endeavor to instruct some, console others, establish peace in disunited families, calm the troubled consciences, and, as much as possible, send all contented away. They have lately built a little church, covered with bark, and prepared a cabin for my own especial use.” There were passages of a less gentle character. When exposed, in a frail canoe on the St. Lawrence, to furious storms; benighted in the woods, during the vast falls of snow and the piercing cold; after issuing from forests, the meadows were sometimes

inundated, full of sharp grass and herbs that wounded at every step, and not a wretched hut was to be seen. The forte of Madame de la Peleterie was in scenes of sorrow and suffering, by the bed-side of the sick and dying; here she was an angel of consolation, even as hope in the dark valley of shadows. Many years were yet given her; and when old age came at last, it was without sad infirmities and cruel decay; the frame was shrunk, but still active; the mind clear and buoyant, and the spirits French—even to the last. Chauvine de la Peleterie was now an object of as great interest in Canada, as, fifty years previous, she had been in Paris; it was the interest of a fame slowly rising with each year, and borne even across the Atlantic. When she came to Quebec to reside for a time, her home was sought by the traveler, the merchant, and the soldier; for all loved to listen to her details, and lively powers of conversation. The latter part of her life was devoted to the charge of the Hotel Dieu in Quebec, which had occupied so many years and cares, being at first the principal object of the mission. An old age of honor, a calm conscience, and hallowed memories, could not but end in a death of peace. She expired in the convent in Quebec, after a very long and chequered life of usefulness and mercy, amidst the tears and blessings of the people. No ancient friend was near, to receive her last breath, and treasure her last words, as she had treasured those of Marie de l’Incarnation. She had outlived her generation; Marie de St. Joseph also slept; it was time to depart: and the spirit broke from its frail tenement with joy.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

BY N. J. KEEFE.

FAREWELL to the scenes of my childhood,
 I never may see them again,
 Farewell to the groves and thy wildwood,
 I'm bound o'er the loud sounding main.
 Farewell to the beautiful sky,
 That smiles on my dear native home,
 I leave you, alas! with a sigh,
 And go forth an exile to roam.

Farewell to the friends I hold dear,
 I'll cherish their names in my heart;
 It wrings from my soul the sad tear,
 To think that from them I must part.
 Farewell the lov'd land of my birth,
 I go from thy hallowed shore,
 To wander a stranger o'er earth,
 And never perhaps see thee more.

Oh! friends of my youth, when you meet,
 The moments of time to beguile,
 Ah! sometimes you will, I entreat,
 Think of the wandering exile;
 Think, think of the hours fled away,
 Those hours devoted to gladness,
 Ere this heart knew the with'ring sway,
 Or bow'd 'neath the power of sadness.

Remember the joy sparkling hours,
 That flew upon pleasure's gay wing,
 When life's cares were hid among flowers
 And sorrow's keen dart did not sting.
 And oh! it will cheer my lone way,
 To know that *one* bosom doth burn
 With a love, time cannot decay,
 And sighs for the exile's return.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

RELIGION'S STAR.

DEDICATED TO A FRIEND.

BY N. J. KEEFE.

ABOVE life's sea there shines a light,
 To cheer us on our way;
 Our path it renders clear and bright,
 And makes the world look gay;
 Its soothing ray doth glad the mind,
 And banish cares afar,
 And smooth we sail before the wind,
 'Neath mild Religion's Star.

The storm may rage with aspect drear,
 And threat'ning shapes assume,
 But still that holy light is near
 To dissipate the gloom;

Still, it will shine with steady beam,
 Amid the tempest's jar,
 That we may catch a cheering gleam,
 From mild Religion's Star.

Oh! may that Star, still brightly shine,
 Thy path through life to cheer,
 Still shed o'er thee its light divine,
 And shield thy heart from fear;
 And may that heart no trouble know,
 Nor care thy feelings mar:
 Safe may thy bark o'er life's sea go,
 'Neath mild Religion's Star.

HORÆ VAGABUNDÆ, OR HOURS OF TRAVEL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

MITCHELSTOWN.

On our arrival in this neat little town, we were kindly received, in the absence of the Parish Priest, by his excellent Curate, the Rev. Mr. M'Carthy, under whose roof I was comfortably and pleasantly lodged. The town is the property of the Earl of Kingston, a very good sort of a man, but extremely eccentric. His appearance is any thing but noble. He dresses like the laborers around him; sometimes is seen bare-footed on the road, and is completely under the subjection of the populace. As an instance of his odd character, having fancied himself insulted by some of the inhabitants of the town, he resolved to revenge himself on them in the most singular manner. The source of the water which supplies the town is in his demesnes; and, holding in his hands the key of the fountain, he determined to lock up the avenues, and thus cut off the stream from the necessary channel. He carried his wild scheme into effect, and during three entire days the population were deprived of the usual supply of water. On the fourth, however, he found his castle surrounded with a menacing multitude, and fearful of the consequences that might ensue, his ire relented, and the waters were permitted to flow afresh into the various reservoirs of the town. So much for the wisdom of a government which allows whole towns to be the property, and subject to the foolish or tyrannic caprices, of some half-crazed nobleman.

THE CASTLE.

No where does there exist a more magnificent edifice of modern times, than the Castle of the Earl of Kingston. It is situated at the edge of the town, upon a vast lawn, and is embowered in the midst of a dense forest. The road from the lodge sweeps boldly past, in a semi-circular route, and is beautifully graveled, and fringed with shrubbery. Behind the castle, artificial lakes expand, on whose limpid waters, swans and geese are gracefully swimming, and hundreds of various birds are hovering as if in play. Old venerable trees are drooping their grey branches down into the stream, their trunks large but withered, and their roots in crooked and fantastic positions bursting the yielding earth. The apartments of the castle are of a grandeur proportionate to the vast edifice, and the furniture corresponds in richness and gorgeous beauty with the whole. From the turrets, far as the eye can range, boundless fields and meadows belonging to the demesne, extend and lose themselves in the distance. The gardens are immense and laid out with princely munificence and exquisite taste. The green and hot-houses—perhaps the most extensive and varied in the Island—are a perfect curiosity; whether we regard the splendor of the architecture, or the infinite quantity of flowers, herbs, trees, fruits, plants, &c., from every clime under the sun—all in full bloom, and impregnating the atmosphere with every species of balm and

fragrance. I was permitted to pluck some bunches of grapes from the vine, and never did fruit more sweet or luscious melt upon my palate. Attached to this department, is an excellent library, consisting chiefly of agricultural works, for the use of the persons employed by the Duke. The chief Gardener is a very intelligent man, and an exemplary Catholic, who understands controversy, and very often, as he informed me, enters the lists with his noble master. The town is neatly built, but contains nothing remarkable, except nearly a square of Houses appropriated to a certain number of widows of Protestant Clergymen, who are supported by a foundation established by one of the ancestors of the Earl. The Catholic Chapel is a large, fine building, standing on high ground, and commanding an extensive view. The interior is not, however, entirely finished, and is, therefore, altogether rustic in its appearance.

SAINT FINIAN'S WELL.

About half a mile from the chapel, in a quiet and secluded grove, a fresh stream bubbles from beneath the roots of some hoary trees, and gently steals away into a shady thicket. 'Tis St. Finian's Well—one of those places held in general veneration by the people of Ireland; who, we are told by Moore in his History, even in the days of Druidism, were wont to frequent their hallowed wells; and one of the gentle means resorted to by St. Patrick for their conversion, was to dedicate to purposes of religion and christian devotion, streams, and groves, and rocks, which had before claimed the superstitious reverence of a fanciful people. With the history of St. Finian, few, I presume, are acquainted, except by tradition. His Well is, however, a resort for the pious and the invalid, who drink the water, and hang upon the bushes

around it, some homely token of veneration or gratitude. The pathway, leading to it from the town, is very handsome and appropriate. It is narrow, stretching along a deep-green meadow, and fringed on either side by a well-trimmed hedge. In company with the Reverend Curate, and my traveling companions, I made a little pilgrimage to these famous waters. As we approached, a child was stooping to drink of them, while her mother stood by, apparently in fervent prayer. Simple devotion! but yet when viewed with the eye of faith, sublime! Let the sceptic denounce it as superstition, he has never felt the sincerity and consolation of that unsophisticated mother, who here invokes the intercession of some favorite of Heaven, while her darling daughter is quaffing, with the innocence and confidence of an angel, the limpid stream. I, too, drank of the Well: and have attempted to record that act of devotion, in the following lines:—they are written in Latin, the language in which my muse first began to whisper under the turrets of Georgetown College:

SANCTI FINIANI PUTEUS.

Ode Sapphica.

I.

In tuo lymphæ puteo relucens,
Subter antiquâ gelidè scatentes
(Cujus haud annos numerare fas est)
Arboris umbrâ.

II.

Et frutex undam placidam supernè
Emminet, textit ubi Virgo sertum
Rustica, apponit folisque densis,
Ritè sacratum.

III.

Namque Patrono recitat coronam,
Qui sibi visum precibus petium
Reddidit, gratis ideo corollis,
Munera pendit.

IV.

Has piè lymphas, Finiane, bibi
Sancte, tellurem genibusque pressi,
Hauriens undam, lacrymasque fudi in
Fonte doloris.

(Translation.)

SAINT FINIAN'S WELL.

I.

The waters are bright in the holy well ;
 They bubble fresh beneath that tree,
 So hoary, that none its age can tell,
 But 'tis here for many a century.

II.

And the bush all verdant with countless
 leaves,
 Is spreading wide o'er the streamlet clear,
 Where the peasant girl her chaplet weaves,
 And hangs it upon the branches there.

III.

For her beads she hath told to her Patron
 Saint,
 And her sight hath graciously been re-
 stored,
 And for this, she hangs out her offerings
 quaint,
 Her emotions of gratitude to record.

IV.

St. Finian's stream I piously quaff'd,
 And knelt on the sward in heartfelt prayer,
 And whilst I imbibed the sacred draught,
 I dropped in its fountain a penitent tear.

THE OLD MOTHER AND BLIND
DAUGHTER.

In the suburbs of the town, the
 traveler's eye is wearied with a num-
 ber of miserable huts, in which the
 poor inmates, living or rather linger-
 ing victims of governmental misrule
 and injustice, drag out an existence
 of sorrow and want. Curiosity in-
 duced me to enter one of these. Alas!
 how my heart sickened at the view !
 all the furniture consisted of a few
 rough stools, and as rough a board

placed upon two barrels, for a table.
 But the inhabitants—three squalid
 females! the aged mother and her
 two daughters. The mother could
 speak no English. The two girls
 were eating their dinner. One of them
 seemed groping in the dark: in truth,
 for her there was perpetual darkness.
 She was blind. And the dinner con-
 sisted of a few potatoes, and some
 grains of salt thrown on the plank:
 for plates, or knives, or forks, or
 spoons, they had none. My com-
 panion addressed the aged woman
 in Irish. She replied with an expres-
 sion of intense anguish. Big tears
 rolled down her wrinkled cheeks;
 and her gesticulation and tones of
 voice were piteous indeed. She was
 not a widow—she was worse. Her
 old husband, unable to procure a sub-
 sistence for the starving family, re-
 solved to go to England in pursuit of
 labor. He went—I know not how
 many years ago—and has never since
 been heard of. If the Queen, in her
 intended visit to Ireland, could be
 permitted to behold such woful scenes
 as this, her gentle heart would be
 softened to pity and justice, for the
 fate of this noble but wretched land.
 She would then be convinced of this
 terrible truth: that the cause of all
 the evils and miseries that afflict the
 people may be traced to the cruelty
 and extravagance of the titled or
 monied tyrants of the soil—the ab-
 sentee landlords—and the tythe-ex-
 acting parsons of the established
 church!

ADDRESS

Delivered before the PHILODEMIC SOCIETY of Georgetown College, District of Columbia, on 4th July, 1843.

BY JOHN L. KIRKPATRICK, OF GEORGIA.

Gentlemen of the Philodemic Society:

I should be strangely wanting in respect, as well to my own feelings as to your kindness, were I to neglect, from the consideration of its being but a mere formality, to thank you for the distinguished honor which you have been pleased to confide to my unworthy keeping. To stand here as the representative of your Society on an occasion like this is a distinction which the poverty of my abilities would never have given me sufficient reason to expect; and to say that I am proud of it, would only be to tell you that which you must have already perceived. And who would not be proud? Yet I have the consolation of knowing that *mine* is an honest pride, and proceeds rather from a knowledge of the respectability of those whose feelings I represent than from any lurking vanity at the prospect of being able to meet your expectations. For when I look around me upon this assemblage of respected and intelligent individuals; when I reflect upon the deep interest usually manifested on the occasion which has called them here, together with the extraordinary characters of those whose praises we celebrate; and, above all, when I remember that I am expected to say something not altogether inappropriate, not wholly beneath the dignity of the theme, I am painfully sensible of my own insignificance—I feel that it is presumptuous (I had almost said use-

less) to attempt to entertain you. And yet, gentlemen, be not surprised when I tell you that notwithstanding all this I do not fear to address you. 'Tis true that I am going to tell you an old story, but it is one that can never fall coldly on an American heart. You will listen to me because it is a tale of our country's glory, and "because you are the sons of those heroic men who lighted the beacon of rebellion, and unfurled the triumphant banner of Liberty in its blaze." Your own blood will speak for me. Consequently, I do not fear to address you even from this spot, whence those have spoken to you who possessed talents which I must applaud, but which I would not be presumptuous enough to emulate. Oh that I could reanimate the dead—that I could summon our fathers before you, and marshal them in all their glory! They would speak for me! Their honored scars, their bleached locks, and their bending forms—these would indeed speak to you as I cannot, and with an eloquence to which the cold ceremonies of the grave could give no solemnity. But alas! they will assemble no more on earth; the bugle's wild blast will muster them no more! An army now might thunder by, but it would not rouse them from their old graves; for they have passed away before the *only* foe they could not meet. They conquered together in war—they stood together in peace: their next meeting will be face to

face with those who would have misruled them, before the judgment bar of an inexorable God! Venerable men! How would their dim eyes brighten, and their cold hearts grow warm again, at beholding the scene which our young land this day presents—where millions of their fellow-citizens are assembled to do honor to the imperishable memories of those who may no longer hear the benedictions pronounced upon their names, but who will live forever in the recollection of their own great deeds, and in the glowing hearts of their countrymen.

There is a moral grandeur in the perpetual homage we render our fathers that is one of the chief characteristics of our own well-contested nationality. Others may gaze with subdued awe upon the heaven-aspiring pyramid, the proud triumphal arch, and all that ever upheld the name of a splendid murderer; but it is our boast, and let it be our glory, that the dust which we honor is the hallowed dust of men who were determined to be free or nothing. Let it be our consolation that those who know how to appreciate the characters of such men were never born to be slaves.

How much is there on a day like this to exalt patriotism! We look around us, and the shoutings of a million of burning hearts make us feel and know that we are freemen. The spirits of our fathers seem to rise in strong vision like the pale stars, when an eclipsed sun spreads its solemn twilight. They start from the embattled cliffs of Abraham, the heaving sods of Bunker Hill, and the blooming valleys of our own native South. The battle that sealed our country's freedom rages before us in all its dreadful splendor. We see our father struggling shoulder to shoulder with his bold brethren, undaunted by the prostituted valor of a mercenary foe. The rattling of arms

—the ground strewed with the dead and dying—the impetuous charge—the steady and successful repulse—the loud call to repeated assault—the summoning of all that is manly to the resistance—a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared to all that is terrible in death or war—and, above all, the eagle-guarded banner waving on to victory, untorn by the iron hail of battle, amid the death-groans of the fallen foe and the glad hurrahs of freedom's unconquered and unconquerable sons—all, all seem to break again upon our cheated senses.

How much do we, how much does not the world, owe to the successful efforts of those matchless men? Where shall we find, in the history of earth's dead, but unforgotten multitudes, the unequaled disinterestedness, and the glorious self-denial of our noble fathers? Yes, they were noble nature's noblemen. They stood forth not only as the avengers of their own wrongs, but as the isolated champions of a degenerate, down-trodden world. They looked up, and the dark form of despotism was frowning upon them; the mangled victims of her merciless votaries were before them. There lay prostrate Greece mourning over the shattered remains of her disjointed power. The star of her glories had gone down in blood, and the foot of the barbarian Turk was upon her neck. There were the unhappy republics of Italy; Venice, Genoa, and Florence; there, too, was Ireland—Ireland, who had fallen before her oppressor, disputing every inch of soil which his footsteps had desecrated. And, now that she could do no more, she shook her manacled hand at the tyrant. For these, not less than for themselves, did our fathers strike the redeeming blow. They were too wise not to know that the cause in which they embarked their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,

was a great and arduous one, of which they were to encounter the risk whilst others should reap the benefit; but at the same time they were too noble, too generously forgetful of self, to think of shuffling off upon posterity the burden of resistance. All they dared to hope for was, that, having planted the tree of liberty, and having shielded its tender germ from the stern blasts of despotism, their children might gather its fruits whilst they should moulder quietly in its shade. They were no slaves, rising in desperation under the agonies of the lash, "but free men snuffing from afar the tainted gale of tyranny." They might have bowed without a blow to the unjust demands of their brethren beyond the sea, and their own fortunes would have been spared; for all the machinations of an unprincipled ministry would never have entailed upon them a loss of one-half the blood and treasure which they unhesitatingly staked upon the issue of the contest. But the feeling that could rouse such men was of a deeper, holier nature, than a sordid lust of pelf. They looked upon the right of taxation, which had been claimed by the mother country, not only as glancing at their pockets, but as casting an imputation on that which, next to their immortal souls, they felt themselves bound, in the sight of God and man, to defend. Yes, that sacred honor had been questioned, and a million of hearts swelled almost to bursting at the bare mention of inequality! Blandishments could not corrupt it, or threats intimidate it. Death might come with glory in the field or with disgrace upon the scaffold, for each and for both of which they were fully prepared. But "they were determined, under God, that howsoever, whensoever, or wheresoever they were called upon to make their exit, they would die all freemen!" And there was with them

that which I hope and trust will ever remain with us—one cause, one country. They perceived that Providence had given into their hands a high and responsible duty in the cause of freedom to perform. The errors of the old world were to be redeemed in the unequalled fabric which they were to build up. Theirs was the hand chosen to strike the blow that was about to realize the hope which, for two centuries, never expired, but had been brightening and kindling to assurance like the glowing skies of the morning; the hope that a new design of civilization might be introduced, by which the political and religious institutions of the world might be brought to the standard of reason and perfection after thousands of years of degeneracy. This hope must either be abandoned forever, or the battle must be fought. Aye, and it was fought; and how gallantly you know and the world knows. It was fought in the council chamber and in the field. A keen conflict of minds between the formidable array of England's veteran orators on the one side, and our own matchless and inspired fathers on the other, afforded a spectacle of breathless interest to Europe and to the world at large. A great political problem, which centuries of experiment could not solve, was again to be brought into consideration, and the last hopes of mankind were resting upon it. Should it fail, the knell of popular government must be sounded throughout the earth. The bold and understanding men who were placed at the head of our affairs, foresaw the inevitable issue of the contest. Assuming the authority of the governed as the only source of legitimate power, they declared that they were, and of right ought to be, free, and published to an astonished, wondering world, the matchless production which, but a few moments ago, held your souls in enchantment. Re-

counting the dark catalogue of abuses they had suffered, and appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions, they solemnly arraign a robber prince at the bar of natural justice. In the simplicity of truth and suffering they declare that a prince, whose character is marked by every act that may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people! Undaunted men! Of the myriads of heroes who have come and gone, and the myriads yet to come, how few shall ever claim the glory of an hour like this! Many have left memorials of their daring, which may not pass away; but who like these men have left a nation of freemen to tell the tale of their glory? Many have battled for fame, with a myriad of mercenary slaves at their backs; but who like these men have gone forth against that power "whose march is on the mountain wave, whose home is on the deep," with no sword but justice, no shield but freedom, no hope but the consciousness of a righteous cause? They did not know how soon the countless minions of an angry monarch would be upon them. They were "*rebels*," and, as such, were liable to the fate which had befallen thousands of those who, before them, had struggled in the same cause. "Vengeance might hunt them down, and infamy hang its black escutcheon over their graves," but they knew that the dead, at least, are free. They knew that one freeman on his native soil could match a score of slaves; and they wished to show the world that, though they might be crushed, they had deserved to win. Such were the feelings of our fathers; nor were there wanting some, even among their brothers beyond the sea, who felt as they did. The incomparable Chatham freely and fearlessly defended his outlawed countrymen. The last gleams of his setting spirit were to show the

ministry the inevitable failure before them. "My lords, you cannot conquer America." Prophet worthy of the glorious land you so gallantly upheld! But his spirit-kindling appeals fell unheeded on the ears of an infatuated and unprincipled ministry. Encumbered with the oppressive glory of a successful war, they vainly supposed that before the arms of freedom could be raised to repel the usurpation, they might load them with fetters; and the willing slaves, who cowered at their feet, thought of shuffling off their own burden upon the shoulders of those whom they dared to denominate "*rebels*." They did not dream that at the *bare mention* of slavery, "three millions of men, armed in the holy cause of liberty," would start, unbidden, from every hill and valley of our native land, to drive them back from the threshold of liberty's temple, or die unconquered martyrs in her name. They did not know that those anchorites of freedom had vowed never "to bow in bondage unto man until they should forget to bend in reverence to their God." They thought, and it was but a thought, that they had but to stretch the rod over them, and they would sink in unconditional slavery at their feet. They thought that they had but to proffer the yoke, and none would be bold enough to reject it. Vain illusion! Quick as an electric spark, the fervid spirit of resistance pervaded every pulse of the nation; and at the very moment when the ministry was held in breathless suspense at the operation of their system, it was instantly crushed by our own glorious, high-minded fathers.

I feel that I should be offering an insult to your patriotism, were I to pretend to enlarge upon the sequel of the contest. And, did you not know it yourselves, the far off shoutings of our patriotic brethren, rising like the mingling of many winds from the

North, the South, the East, and the West, would tell you, in a more impressive manner than I can, how complete, how splendid was its consummation!

Seven years of ineffectual war taught the British Parliament a lesson of wisdom, which it were better they had known long ago; the unparalleled bravery displayed upon every well-contested mound, told the tyrant, in a language not to be forgotten, how vain was his might when contending with those who *could* and *would* be free; and the fulfilment of our fathers' dearest anticipations showed the world that to be free, they needed but to will it. Imperishable deeds! The glorious retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, and the valor displayed on the fields of Marathon and Thermopylæ, will long attract the gaze of the admirer of military skill and noble daring; but History's muse will hold out the names of our fathers as the golden names of those who *cannot* die. True, the general doom may sweep the nameless column from above their graves; but their fame sleeps not with their ashes, for it is not written on perishable marble. Immortality, as she guides her car over crumbling thrones and dynasties adown the dark valley of eternity, will point with deepest, liveliest exultation, to that part of man's history which tells us of that day of stout hearts and strong hands, when Trenton grew a battle-cry, and Monmouth found a name. For then first broke the auspicious birth-morn of freedom; and, as Hope gave new arms to Valor, success rolled wave on wave, until every vestige of slavery was buried forever beneath its resistless current. The lion slunk baffled to his lair, while with a scream of joy the eagle soared sunward and flapped his mighty wings for victory. And as the shattered clouds of Despotism rolled away before the new

risen Sun of Independence, lo! Freedom, on the sublimest summit of the Alleghanies, towered and blazed sole sovereign of the land. Long had her august visage been concealed in mists from the ardent gaze of man; but here at last it burst forth, gilt with the morning rays of glory, shedding a benign light upon our own free land, and raising a hope in the minds of every oppressed and bleeding country. One arm outstretched before her, waved welcome to the world, and the other, turned towards the unmeasured West, pointed out the promised land to the coming stranger. Then, as the light poured lavishly from her presence, the mighty crowd of wondering nations hailed with exulting peans from afar the newly crowned queen of earth, and re-echoed with a long, loud, triumphant shout, the imperishable names of those whose heaven-directed weapons had taught them how her battle was to be fought and won!

It is no vain speech to say that the example of our fathers has had an immeasurable influence in ameliorating the condition of our fellow-men. And let us, at least on a day like this, indulge the honest exultation of the prospect of the good it may yet produce. The American Revolution has given birth to a spirit, mysterious in its workings, but all-powerful and pervading; a spirit which has given a new impulse to the manners and feelings of the world, and which will yet sound the funeral knell of tyranny. Kingdoms have fallen, thrones that had withstood the shock of tempests and the desolating flood of war, making the merest mock of human rights, have crumbled beneath its giant arms. It has loosened the minds of suffering millions from the hoary maxims of despotism, to which they had so long been tethered in reverential submission. It has crossed the equator, and

the Andes quake with freedom's glad hurrah. It has crossed the Atlantic, and Greece has gathered up again her glorious band at its high warning. It has gone into England, and the mother has received blessings at the hands of the daughter she wished to crush. And if the world is not all regenerate yet, at least we have the consoling hope that it may yet overcome the evil genius that still hovers over some countries, and implant in the bosom of the chained serf the bright confidence that the day is not far distant when the manacles shall fall from his hands, and he may raise them to wield the sword of freedom, and enjoy the fruits of his long probation in the rightful employment of his own unshackled energies. It may yet energize the nerveless arm of Poland; and it *will* raise up down-trodden Ireland, and place her upon an equality with her merciless oppressor. Ireland! Ireland! Ireland! How does not the warm blood leap to the indignant brow of the freeman when contemplating the wrongs of that oppressed, that bleeding country! That one nation should arrogate to herself the unprecedented privilege of down-treading the laws of another, and of forcing its own oppressive institutions upon her at the point of the bayonet—that a victorious enemy, fed on blood and plunder, abusing success and outraging humanity, should continue to insult her agonized victim by cold contemptuous neglect for all her patience, all her submission, all her sacrifices—that a depraved and unrelenting ministry, who had set themselves up as regenerators, should endeavor to secure the triumph of so infamous a tyranny by means still more infamous, by dashing down her monuments, and rending her history—are deeds so monstrous as must call loudly for vengeance, and fix infamy and disgrace upon the English name and character forever. There is no scourge which she has not heaped

upon that unfortunate land, no depravation which she has not attempted to introduce into her, no shame with which she has not endeavored to pollute her honorable existence! Yet where is the country that has stronger claims to England's gratitude than Ireland? The bleaching bones of myriads of her children, martyred in the cause of England, lying amid the sands of Egypt, on the banks of the Ganges, amid the snows of the high Pyrenees, and on the bloody field of Waterloo, announce in an impressive language, how faithful, how forgiving, they have been towards their thankless masters. But there is a point beyond which endurance becomes no longer a virtue; and that point is fast approaching. Perhaps "the very next gale that sweeps across the Atlantic, will be laden with the sound of battle" or freedom's bloodless conquest. At least, let us hope that it will be so. Let us cling to the belief that Ireland will burst the galling chain, which, for so long a time has bound her to the earth; that she will repel that murderous fraternity of Cain with Abel, which has been forced upon her by her pretended regenerators, and aim her blows not with the uncertain weapons which she has been wielding, but with the more effective arms of her sons, and against the unfeeling hearts of her tyrants! It must eventually come to this, for the titled robbers who hold her down, will never let her rise without a struggle; and *annihilation* were better on her part than the *living death* she now endures. And when that moment comes, she will be free;

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

Every enemy of oppression is a friend to Ireland. Every nation insulted by the Anglo-Saxon race is her ally, and every spot over which the British banner has waved its withering desecration will send forth

its armed millions to battle in her cause. Let her but turn her hopes towards the generosity and sympathy of those whose inexhaustible resources may second her efforts without endangering her independence. There rest her safety—there her liberty—there her pristine glories.

If you think that, in anticipating the destiny of the oppressed, that of the oppressor should not be forgotten, it might be urged that her, as heretofore, uninterrupted march of despotism cannot advance much further. With an air-puffed constitution that can assume any form under the hands of tyranny, bearing aloft the olive branch in one hand, whilst the other is armed to assassinate confiding and deluded nations, wearing the smile of friendship whilst striking her victims with the calamities of war, the abuses of success, and the abominations of despotism, wringing from the hard hands of her own peasantry wherewith to support her hired myriads, she has raised herself to a height from which the overwhelming weight of her own glory must eventually sink her. Unjust by instinct, unmerciful and insulting in victory, dishonoring valor by a more than mercenary love of plunder, and “crowning oppression with the cap of liberty,” this modern Rome has been seeking to consummate her barefaced usurpations by burying defenceless China under the ruins of immolated India! But, thanks to the good example of our fathers, there is a daring spirit of patriotism abroad that shall snap the cold chain which she has thrown around her victims, and bid them stand forth in all the pride of unshackled freedom! And let her beware how she trifles with the rights of nations, for it may be, that “when the next trumpet shall sound, a voice will be heard to echo along her sea-girt cliffs ‘Thy glory has departed.’”

As for our own land, it needs no prophet voice to foretell her coming glo-

ries. They are thronging thick and fast around us like the enchantments of the Sybil’s cell, expanding brighter and brighter to the very last, and fulfilling all the burning vow of the patriot. It is, indeed, a strange spectacle to see a republic of only sixty years’ standing dispensing the blessings of freedom to the nations of the earth, and holding out for the admiration of their fellows an heroic band of men whose equals we may freely and fearlessly challenge the world to produce. Truly, in looking at the past, we have no reason to despair; for our country has produced a bright galaxy with but *one* fallen star; but one high soldier who broke from his promise; but one who refused to join that *holy alliance*, that free gathering of heart and hand. Some would have us believe that we are to meet the common doom; but I am not one to indulge in such gloomy apprehensions. With a constitution which surpasses all that has ever yet been conceived, and of which the Grecian philosopher had only dreamed, with an industrious and unshackled people, and all the examples of the past to guide us, it is not probable, and scarcely possible, that our young land can ever be consigned to the common tomb of empires. Then let us not pause in the glorious race of freedom to speculate on futurity. Let us keep our eyes fixed on the heroes of ’76; let us merit the blessings of those patriot sires, and our country will become all they could have wished. Already do we see her the Mecca of freedom’s votaries. The struggling patriot of every land, as he strikes for the God-sanctioned war, calls on her name, and looks to us for encouragement. If such honors be paid her now, what glorious prospects does not the future hold out? Truly

“*She’ll be a watchword to the earth!*
When man would do a deed of worth
He’ll look to *her*, and turn to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant’s head;
He’ll look to her and then rush on
Where life is lost or freedom won.”

FATHERS AND WRITERS OF THE CHURCH.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

(Concluded.)

RABANUS MAURUS, the disciple of Alcuin, a monk, and, afterwards, archbishop of Mayence, flourished in the ninth century. He confuted Gothescalc in person, before a synod held at Mayence, and strenuously opposed his errors in several works. He was a most learned and holy man. He died in February, anno 856.

RATRAMNUS, monk of Corbey, and afterwards abbot, died in 870. He wrote a treatise on the body and blood of Christ, against Paschasius Radbertus, in which, though he does not deny the ancient doctrine, he favors, nevertheless, the person, but not the errors, of Gothescalc. By order of the Bishops of France, he answered the objections of the Greeks, sent to those bishops in 867, by Nicholas I.

RAYMUNDUS LULBUS, concerning this personage a great controversy exists among critics. By some, he is numbered among heretics and magicians; and by others, among the martyrs of the church. He is said to have died in 1315. By some writers there are said to be two Raymundi; one of whom, having been converted from Judaism, and embraced the institute of St. Dominick, fell into many errors, and was condemned by Gregory IX.

REMIGIUS St., archbishop of Lyons, flourished in the ninth century. In the name of the Lyonese Church, he was chosen to reply to the letters, which were sent by Hincman, Pardolus, and Rabanus, to Amolo, his predecessor. He is also said to have

written against the chapters of *Quierzi* in which the condemnation of Gothescalc was confirmed. But it does not appear certain that he was the author of this latter work.

REMIGIUS St., of Rheims, was born in 471, and consecrated bishop in his twenty-second year. He baptized Clovis, King of the Gauls, on the night of Christmas, anno 496, and died in his ninety-second year.

RICHARD ST. VICTOR, a Scotchman, canon of Regular of the monastery of St. Victor at Paris, was renowned for his great learning and piety. He wrote principally on ascetical subjects: and died in 1173.

ROBERT OF SORBONNE, a canon of Paris, flourished in the thirteenth century. He was the founder of the famous university of Sorbonne, and died in 1273.

RUFINUS, a presbyter of Aquileia, once an intimate friend of St. Jerome, but afterwards his opponent, and the apologist of Origen, translated several Greek works into Latin. Such as Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews, two books against Appio, the History of Eusebius, &c.

SALVIANUS, Presbyter of Marseilles, flourished in the fifth century. His work on the Providence of God is admirable, as also that against Avarice.

SCOTUS JOHN DUNS, a native of Ireland, of the order of St. Francis, and a Doctor of Paris, commonly styled the "Subtle." He was the renowned defender of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. Mary,

and died at Cologne in 1308. He left behind him innumerable monuments of his genius. He must not be confounded with John Scotus Eriugena, who lived in the ninth century, and whose writings are filled with errors.

SEVERUS Sulpitius, a Presbyter, and disciple of St. Martin, the friend of St. Augustine, Jerome, and Paulinus, flourished in the fifth century. He composed a Sacred History from the beginning of the world down to the year 400. Towards the end of his life, he became somewhat tainted with Pelagianism, but afterwards repented and died in peace.

SIDONIUS Apollinaris, born at Lyons, in 435: and having enjoyed the honors of Prefect and Senator, was finally made Bishop of Clermont in Auvergne, in 487. He was profoundly versed in sacred literature, and may be considered the most learned man of his times. He composed many books both in poetry and prose.

SOCRATES, born at Constantinople, about the year 380. He wrote a History of the Church, from the beginning of the reign of Constantine, to the year 439. He seemed too partial to the Novatians, but never adopted their errors.

SOZOMEN, a native of Palestine, by profession a lawyer, composed an Ecclesiastical History, from the year 324, down to 440, which he dedicated to Theodosius the younger. He excels Socrates in elegance of diction, but yields to him in maturity of judgment.

TERTULLIAN Quintus Septimius, born at Carthage in Africa of pagan parents, about the middle of the second century, converted to the faith in 185, and made Presbyter about 192. Deceived by the specious austerities of the Montanists, he embraced their errors, and died in extreme old age, about the year 220. His numerous writings are fraught with strength

and genius. His *Apologeticus*, and book *de præscriptionibus Hæreticorum*, merit singular praise, and rank his name among the greatest Christian writers.

THEODORET, a Syrian, was born in 386, was created Bishop of Cyrus in 420, and died in 457. He was the condisciple of John of Antioch and Nestorius, and impugned the *Anathematismi* of St. Cyrill, as heretical. Summoned to the Council of Ephesus, he refused to appear, but held a clandestine conventicle with John, Patriarch of Constantinople and some other oriental prelates. Afterwards, however, he pronounced anathema, in the Council of Calcedon, against Nestorius. His writings against St. Cyrill were condemned in the Fifth General Council. He wrote an Ecclesiastical History from the year 322 to 427: and many commentaries on the Holy Scriptures.

THEODULPHUS, by birth an Italian, abbot of St. Bennet on the Loire, afterwards archbishop of Arles, flourished in the ninth century. He was held in peculiar veneration by Charlemagne, on account of his great erudition and virtues. Being accused of conspiring with Bernard, King of Italy, against Louis the pious, the uncle of Bernard, he was shut up in a monastery, but was afterwards proved innocent, and set at liberty. He died about the year 821.

THEOPHILACTUS, archbishop of Acrida, in Bulgaria, lived in the eleventh century. He was deeply versed in the writings of St. Chrysostom, which he compressed into an epitome. He likewise published commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures. He is accused of erring on the dogma of the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Son.

THOMAS AQUINAS St., born in 1224, entered the order of St. Dominick in 1241, and was made Doctor of Paris in 1255. He refused the archiepiscopal see of Naples, which

was offered him by Clement IV. He was invited to the Council of Lyons by Gregory X., and died on his way, in 1274, on the 7th of March. The erudition of this admirable Doctor, the acumen of his genius, the boundlessness of his acquirements, his sanctity, and incomparable modesty withal, are known to the whole world. Well is he styled by the Church the *Doctor angelicus*.

THOMAS WALDO, an Englishman, of the Carmelite order, died at Rouen, in 1430. He wrote with great exactness and power against the Husites, Wickliffites, and other heretics of his times: and is regarded as an ornament of his order.

VENANTIUS, (*Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus*), an Italian, who was made Bishop of Poitiers, in the seventh century. He was celebrated for his great talents and skill in Rhetoric and Poetry.

VINCENT LERINS, a monk and

presbyter, brother of St. Lupus of Troyes, according to some: he wrote, in 870, his renowned work entitled *Commonitorium adversus Hæreses*.

USAIDUS, a Gaul, a Benedictine monk, flourished in the ninth century. Towards the year 870, he wrote a martyrology, which is in use in the Roman Church.

YVO St., was consecrated bishop in 1093. His preceptor was Lanfranc. He wrote twenty-two sermons, two hundred and eighty-seven epistles, a chronicon of the Kings of France, and a collection of canons commonly styled *Decretum Yvonis*.

ZONORAS, (John) a Greek, flourished in the twelfth century. Forsaking the court, he retired into a monastery, where he composed many works, especially his commentary on the Canons of the Apostles, and Annals from the beginning of the world to the year 1118.

HISTORY OF RELIGION.

BY PETER AUGUSTINE BAINES, D. D., LATE BISHOP OF SIGA, ETC.

“By their fruits you shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles.”—*Math. vii. 16.*

MY CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,—We have seen, in the preceding Lectures, that Religion, being revealed by God, can be known only by the evidence of testimony, and that though the sacred scriptures contain the greater part, they do not contain the whole of revelation. We have seen that God, in his infinite wisdom, provided for the faithful transmission of his revealed ordinances, by appointing a teaching authority, who, in the first

instance, received their commission directly from Himself, and then transmitted it to succeeding generations, by certain external rites, instituted by Him for this purpose. We have seen how, by these means, the Mosaic religion was transmitted till the coming of Christ, when it was to be superseded by a more perfect dispensation, which was to last till the end of the world. Of this new dispensation, we have seen that Jesus Christ

constituted his apostles and their successors the teachers and guardians, in these emphatic words: "Going teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (*Math.* xxviii.) From these words I infer, first, that the apostles were constituted teachers of the whole religion of Christ, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you;" secondly, that they were established teachers of the whole world—"Going teach all nations;" thirdly, that their successors were authorised to continue the office of teaching all nations, without interruption, till the end of the world, under an express promise of assistance from Jesus Christ himself—"Behold I am with you, all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Now, though no Christian will doubt the fulfilment of the Divine promises, acknowledged to be such, experience proves that some, explaining scripture for themselves, dispute the import of those promises, and deny that Christ did appoint his apostles and their successors the authoritative teachers of His law in all nations, or that he did guarantee them from error in promising to be with them. How are such persons to be convinced of any error into which they fall? By the words of scripture? But those words they understand in their own peculiar sense, and they deny the right of any authority to compel them to adopt any other. Would you refer to other proofs independent of scripture, they assert that scripture is their only rule, and they will admit no other authority. This is unfortunate; for if human testimony, for instance that of profane history, can prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, what were

the laws, and what the form of government, of the ancient Roman empire, why should such evidence not be capable of producing equal certainty respecting the laws and government of the Christian Church; and if so, why should it be rejected when scripture is deficient, or is not sufficiently explicit, to unite the opinions of men as to its meaning. Surely there is nothing in reason to justify such rejection, and as to scripture, it certainly does not prescribe it.

One thing, however, it does prescribe, viz. to judge of the tree by its fruits. Consequently, it is perfectly scriptural to examine the Christian religion by this rule, and see what have been the fruits of the different plans for transmitting the ordinances of God. If we find that the plan of a divinely appointed authority has been followed, from the days of the apostles, by their undoubted successors, through every age and in every country, and that it has had the effect of keeping the vast majority of the Christian world, from age to age, in perfect unity of belief, worship, and government, whilst every other plan has been used only by innovators and self-constituted reformers, and has invariably led to division, contradiction, separation, and extinction,—no one, I think, can fail to see that the teaching authority is the plan appointed by God, and that the Church which has ever possessed it is the true Church.

These positions, then, I will endeavor to establish, by a brief reference to ecclesiastical history, particularly to that of the General Councils, and the errors they respectively condemned.

But, first, it may be proper to give some explanation of what is meant by the term *general council*, which, to many of my audience, may otherwise convey no distinct idea.

By the term *general council*, is understood, in ecclesiastical history, a

convocation of the bishops of the Universal Church from every part of the world; not merely the bishops of a particular country, which is called a *national council*, or of a particular province, which is called a *provincial council*. Provincial or national councils may be called for local purposes: general councils are called for purposes relating to the Church at large, particularly for deciding questions relating to Faith, for suppressing heresies and schisms, and for the general reformation of morals and discipline.

I have already given an account of the first general council held by the apostles at Jerusalem, for settling the dispute respecting the obligation of the Jewish ceremonial law. This Council furnished the model for all which followed it. The whole body of the apostles attended, the question was stated and discussed, and an unanimous decree was issued, authoritatively declaring that the obligation of the Mosaic law had ceased with the establishment of Christianity, and laying down certain regulations of a temporary nature, to be observed by the Christian converts. In other words, it contained a doctrinal decision and a canon of discipline, the obligation of both being enforced in these expressive words,—“*It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us.*” It is evident that, on this occasion, the apostles considered themselves as exercising the double office of heavenly-guided teachers, and divinely commissioned rulers of the Christian Church.

If, during the lifetime of the apostles, one difficulty arose, which required the interference of a general council, it could not be expected but that such difficulties would frequently arise after their removal from the government of the Church. But how should a general council be assembled, when the apostolic body was greatly multiplied, and scattered

over every part of the world? During the first three centuries of the Christian era, the thing was impossible. It would have excited suspicion in the Roman government, and probably added violence to the terrible persecutions which continually raged. The defect was supplied by national and provincial synods, the acts of which were transmitted to the distant churches. When universally approved, as generally happened, those acts acquired an authority equal to that of a general council, as equally expressing the sentiments of the Universal Church. We have the most satisfactory proofs that, during the first three centuries, the most active correspondence was carried on between the churches of the three continents. Not a bishop was appointed, but his promotion was notified, through the great patriarchs and metropolitans, to all other bishops, and, if his orthodoxy was not doubted, letters of communion were addressed to him by all his episcopal brethren. Not so if his orthodoxy was denied or suspected. In this case, the most scrupulous inquiries were made, and letters of communion refused till he had removed every suspicion, by the most solemn professions of faith. Not an error arose in any quarter but it was instantly denounced, and the innovator compelled to retract the same, or to quit the communion of the Church. We have a long list of such heresiarchs, some of whom had a considerable number of followers, before the conversion of the Emperor Constantine.

Amongst other heresies which, at that period, disturbed the unity of the Christian Church, was that of Arius, a priest of Constantinople, whose vanity, and, perhaps, disappointed ambition (for he had hoped to be chosen bishop of that great patriarchal see), led him to attract notice by endeavoring to explain, in a manner more palatable to human reason,

the incomprehensible mystery of the Incarnation. He maintained that Christ was not truly God, of the same nature as the Father, but a creature of a higher order than the angels, and the Son of God by adoption. With these opinions he attempted to reconcile the different passages of the sacred scriptures. His venerable bishop, St. Alexander, used every endeavor to reclaim him, by mild argument and tender entreaty; but finding him obstinate, and perceiving that the poison began to spread amongst the flock, he summoned a synod of his suffragan bishops, in which he solemnly excommunicated Arius, and anathematized his errors, sending intelligence of what passed to the Pope and to the whole episcopal body. This stroke astounded but did not disconcert Arius. He continued to maintain his opinions, in opposition to the Church, and had the address to gain over to his party a very small number of bishops, the principal of whom was Eusebius of Nicomedia, the ordinary residence of the Emperor. At first Constantine himself was deceived as to the real character of the heresiarch, but discovering the danger which lurked beneath his specious arguments and subtle distinctions, he employed the influence of the celebrated Osius, bishop of Cordova, and even wrote himself to Arius, to prevail on him to return to his duty. Finding, however, all his endeavors vain, he determined, in connection with St. Sylvester, the bishop of Rome, to call a council of the whole Church, and thus arrest the progress of a heresy which assailed Religion in its vitals, and aimed at the overthrow of all the Christian's hopes. The project was worthy of the first of the Christian emperors, who had been converted twelve years before, and valued as they deserved, the inestimable blessings which he had received at the sacred font.

Letters were accordingly sent to all the bishops of the Christian world, inviting them to meet at Nice, a principal city of Bythynia, where the Emperor had a palace. The Emperor himself furnished all, who would come, with conveyances, and every other requisite for the journey. In the beginning of June of the year 325, not less than three hundred and eighteen bishops were assembled at Nice, besides two legates from Pope Sylvester, whose great age prevented his undertaking the journey, and a vast number of other ecclesiastical dignitaries and theologians. After a few days spent in private conferences, at which Arius and his partizans were heard, the first public session was held on the 19th of June in the year 325. The place of assembly was a large hall in the imperial palace, fitted up by the Emperor for the occasion. On either side were rows of seats, raised above each other, on which the bishops sat according to the rank of their respective sees. At the upper end sat Osius, bishop of Cordova, who presided over the council in the name of St. Sylvester, supported by Vitus and Vincentius, the two papal legates. A golden chair was prepared in the same part of the hall, but on a lower level than the seats of the bishops, for the Emperor himself. In the centre of the room, on an elevated throne, was placed the book of the gospels. The bishops being assembled, Constantine entered with a small number of attendants, but without his guard, arrayed in his imperial robes. Upon his entrance the whole assembly rose, whilst the Emperor, with a respectful and embarrassed air, proceeded to the seat prepared for him, but refused to be seated, till requested by the bishops. He intimated his great joy at seeing around him that illustrious assembly of apostolic prelates; and declaring that he appeared amongst them as a witness, not a

judge, and that his object was to protect, not to control, the freedom of their deliberations, he conjured them to restore peace to the Church, by an authoritative exposition of its doctrine, and the enforcement of salutary discipline.

Never, perhaps, had the world beheld an assembly so truly venerable and august. From the time of the last general council held by the apostles at Jerusalem, three centuries had elapsed, during which the fidelity of their successors had been tried by the most terrible persecutions. Very many had died martyrs to the faith, whilst of those who were present at the Council of Nice, several bore tokens of the torments they had endured, in the loss of a limb, or an eye, or in being maimed in both hands. Not a few were venerable for their age and sanctity. There was St. Alexander, patriarch of Alexandria, accompanied by Athanasius his deacon, afterwards his sainted successor. There was St. Eustathius, patriarch of Antioch, and St. Macarius, patriarch of Jerusalem, St. Paphnutius, bishop of the higher Thebais, St. Potomon, bishop of Heraclea, St. Paul, bishop of Neocesarea, and St. James, bishop of Nisibis, besides several others, distinguished by their talents and learning, no less than by the purity of their morals. It was indeed a cheering sight to behold the Church of Christ thus emerging glorious and triumphant from the sea of tribulation in which she had been so long plunged, her apostles multiplied a hundred fold, and numbering among her children the victorious head of the vast Roman empire, now no longer arrayed in the terrors of a persecutor, sentencing to torments or death the pastors of the Church, but seated in the midst of them, as a disciple, reverentially listening to their doctrines, and prepared to receive and execute their decisions, as those of God himself.

Amongst this great number of holy and orthodox prelates, were about twenty-two the partizans of Arius, but secretly so, wishing, like the heresiarch himself, to escape the condemnation of the Church, and to propagate their erroneous doctrines within its pale, without being separated from its communion. But their artifice was discovered, and thwarted in the most effectual manner. Arius expressed his readiness to subscribe any profession of faith expressed in the language of scripture, knowing well that there was no form of expression in the sacred volume which he could not, by subtle distinctions and verbal cavils, make subservient to his purpose. The Council, therefore, drew up a public profession of faith, purposely employing words not found in scripture, but expressing in the most unequivocal manner, the doctrines of the Church. Arius had admitted that Christ was God, though not of the same nature or substance as the Father. The Council, therefore, asserted in the creed, that Jesus Christ was "God of God, light of the light, true of God of the true God; born not made, consubstantial to the Father; by whom (i. e. *Jesus Christ*) all things were made,"—terms which rendered equivocation almost impossible, and compelled Arius and his followers, either to subscribe to the truth, or openly to brave the authority of the Church. The Nicene profession of faith was expressed in the following words:—

"We believe in one God the Father Almighty, the maker of all things; visible and invisible; and in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only begotten of the Father, that is, of the substance of the Father, God of God, light of light, true God of true God, born not made, consubstantial to the Father: by whom all things were made in heaven and in earth. Who for us men, and for our salvation, descended from heaven and was in-

carnate and made man; he suffered and rose again the third day, and ascended into heaven; and will come again to judge the living and the dead. And in the Holy Ghost. But those who say there was a time when the son of God was not, and that before his birth he had no existence, and that he was made of nothing, or of some pre-existing substance, or that he was created, or is mutable, or subject to change, the Catholic and Apostolic Church anathematizes."

Till the enactment of this solemn decree, the doctrines which it condemned, though essentially erroneous in themselves, did not necessarily involve an exclusion from the external communion of the Church. From this time they could no longer be held, without the guilt of heresy. The anathema pronounced by the Council, in the name and with the authority of the Universal Church, necessarily fell on all who should thenceforth hold the opinions of Arius. They could not form a part of the Church of Christ: they were cast forth, and regarded as "the heathen and the publican," with the positive assurance, that unless they retracted their errors, and embraced, without reserve, and with an entire submission of the will and understanding, the authoritative decision of the Council, there was no aid of religion for them in this life, nor hope of salvation in the next. Henceforward the Symbol or Creed of the Council of Nice became as necessary to salvation, and as undoubted an exposition of Christian faith, as the Creed of the Apostles or the inspired Gospels themselves.

Now, it is clear, that either the Council of Nice inherited from Jesus Christ the awful power exercised on this occasion, or it was guilty of a most unjustifiable and criminal usurpation, accompanied with an odious violation of the Christian's liberty, and a cruel privation of his just rights. If the Council inherited this

power from Jesus Christ, then was it originally given to his Church, and belongs to her as much in the sixteenth century as in the fourth. Then must the anathemas of the Council of Trent have the same withering influence as those of Nice, and exclude equally from the sheepfold of Christ here, and from heaven hereafter, those on whom they fall. But if the Council did not inherit the power in question, I repeat that it was guilty of a most criminal usurpation, entailing enormous injustice on the flock of Christ, incurring a formal error regarding the apostolic commission, and establishing a principle on which the most awful errors and abuses might be built. And as these decisions of the Council received afterwards the approbation of the whole Christian Church, it is clear that the whole Christian Church must, on this supposition, have fallen into error,—yea, grievous and fundamental error,—and have, consequently, forfeited her character of being "the pillar and ground of truth." Christ could have been no longer with her, and the spirit of truth must have forsaken her,—she must have ceased to be from that moment the immaculate Spouse of Christ, and have become an unfaithful and dishonored outcast.

Will it be said that the errors of Arius regarded the fundamentals of religion, and that, therefore, the Church was justified in excluding their abettors from her communion, just as the Church of England does at the present day? But it was not merely against the Arians that the Church lanced her anathemas. In one of the subsequent canons of the same Council of Nice, the case of the Novatians, a sect which had been previously anathematized by the Church, was taken into consideration, and treated with similar severity. They were refused admission into the Church, except on the express condition of subscribing to its doc-

trines and abandoning their doctrines. They were particularly required to acknowledge the power of the Church to receive to reconciliation those who had apostatized from the faith, and the lawfulness of second marriages—both of which they had denied.

In fine, the whole conduct of the Council, the principles on which it met, the form of its discussions, the tenor of its enactments, all prove that it considered itself as invested by Christ with authority to “teach all nations,” to rule the Church of God, to bind and to loose, to open and to shut the gates of heaven. Consequently, if the Church does not possess such authority, she fell into a fundamental error; for it is clear, that if any error can be deemed fundamental in the Church, it must be that which usurps the right of defining articles of faith, of making new creeds, laying down new conditions of ecclesiastical communion, and new terms of acceptance with God.

Now, can we for a moment suppose that the Church of Christ was so soon abandoned by her divine Founder, who had promised to remain with her for ever? Surely during the three long centuries which followed her establishment, she merited His affectionate regard, by her fidelity in resisting, even to blood, the seductions of His enemies. Whilst every pastor of the Church was in disposition, if not in reality, a martyr; when to die for Christ was the glory and pride of His universal flock; when for His sake every earthly comfort was sacrificed and every torment endured; in fine, when the Church of Christ, if ever, was pure in its doctrines and fervent in its practice, to suppose that, at such a time, He should abandon her to error, and cast her from Him, is incredible. But if the Church did not err on this occasion, then did she at that time possess the power she claimed. She had authority to teach and to rule the

flock of Christ; to hear her was to hear Him, to despise her was to despise Him. To incur her anathema was to incur the malediction of Christ. She was to mankind, as the divine Redeemer himself had been, “the way, the truth, and the life;” and if these high privileges belonged to the Church of Christ at the period of the Nicene Council, they must belong to her at all times. They are essential to her existence; so that, wherever the Church of Christ is, she must be invested with these high powers, and wherever these high powers are not found, there is not the Church of Christ.

The profession of the Nicene Council was transmitted to St. Sylvester, the bishop of Rome, who gave it his formal approbation. It was then sent to all the other bishops of the Christian world, and universally received,—some few adherents of Arius, who were no longer considered as members of the Church, and the small remnant of some previous heresies, excepted.

The Council terminated its labors on the 25th of August of the same year, viz. 325.

By this blow the heresy of Arius received a wound from which it never recovered. Still, though checked and weakened, it was not destroyed. Experience has ever proved, that revolutions in religion, as in the state, are not easily suppressed. The minds of men long continue unsettled, the passions continue to ferment, and interests lend their bias to keep alive, or to restore to power the fallen party. When one expedient fails, another is tried. When one form of expression has become obnoxious, another is adopted. If a suppressed heresy or a vanquished faction cannot recover their ground, on their original principle, they easily adopt another and another, to escape a dutiful submission to lawful authority.

After the death of Constantine,

Arianism found support in some of his successors, so that for a time it recovered strength, and seriously disturbed the unity of the Church. Macedonius, a semi-Arian, in the year 341, usurped the see of Constantinople, through the influence of the Arian faction. Being of a violent and turbulent disposition, he filled the city with troubles, and was deposed by the united efforts of the Catholic and Arian parties, in 360. As if to revenge himself on both, he now maintained the divinity of Christ in opposition to the Arians, and denied that of the Holy Ghost in opposition to the Catholics. In these troubled and unsettled times, any novelty found its abettors, and Macedonius became the head of a considerable party. At the same time, Eunomius, who denied the divinity of both the Son and the Holy Ghost, and the followers of Sabellius, who denied all distinction of persons in the Trinity, continued to add to the increasing confusion.

To remedy this complication of evils, the same measure was adopted which had been employed against Arius.

At the instigation of Pope Damasus, the Emperor Theodosius, in 381, assembled at Constantinople a council of one hundred and fifty bishops. As the errors it met to oppose were chiefly confined to the east, few or none of the western bishops attended. Its manner and principles of proceeding were precisely similar to those of the preceding general council. They compared the doctrines of Macedonius with those of the Universal Church, and solemnly anathematized them, as well as their abettors. They, moreover, made certain additions to the Nicene Creed, with a view to meet more forcibly the prevalent errors. The Creed of the Nicene Council had simply said, we believe "in the Holy Ghost," but, as Macedonius had denied the divinity of the third

person of the adorable Trinity, the Council added—"Lord and Life-giver, who proceeds from the Father, who, together with the Father and the Son, is adored and glorified, who spoke through the prophets." To impress more strongly on all heretics and schismatics the character of the Church, they added to the epithets in the Apostles' Creed, those of "one" and "apostolical," saying—"One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church." Eunomius, having, in conformity with his errors, adopted a new and invalid form of baptism, the Council added—"We confess *one* baptism for the remission of sins."

The Council, in its seventh canon, authorises the receiving into the Church the followers of all these different heresies, but only on condition that they "anathematize their respective heresies, and every heresy which opposes the doctrines of the one Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church of Christ."

The decrees of this Council received the approbation of the Pope and of the whole western episcopacy, and thus it acquired the force, and received the denomination, of a general council. The Creed of Constantinople, speaking of the Holy Ghost, mentions only his procession from the Father. To prevent mistake, the words "and the Son" were shortly after added; with which addition this Creed has continued ever since the standard of orthodoxy, and is still used by almost every denomination of Christians. It forms a part of the liturgy of the Church of England.

In the following century, Nestorius, the patriarch of Constantinople, asserted that in Christ there were two distinct persons, the person of God and the person of man; that the person of man only was born of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and that, therefore, it was improper to style her, as was customary, *the Mother of God*.

To quash this heresy, the Third

General Council was called. It met in the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, at Ephesus, and was attended by one hundred and twenty-eight bishops.

The Council unanimously declared the doctrines of Nestorius "erroneous and blasphemous"—deposed him from the episcopal dignity,—and, moreover, decreed that whoever held the same doctrine, should, if bishops, be in like manner deposed, if clerics of an inferior rank, be degraded from their station, and, if lay persons, anathematized and excommunicated.

This Council also received the confirmation of the Pope, and the approbation of the episcopal body through every part of the Christian world.

In opposing the errors of Nestorius, who asserted that there are two *persons* in Christ, Eutiches, abbot of a monastery near Constantinople, fell into an opposite error, teaching that there is in Christ only one *nature*. This error, no less than that of Nestorius, involved in its consequences the subversion of the mystery of the Incarnation. To oppose the spreading evil, the Fourth General Council was assembled at Calcedon, in 451. It consisted of three hundred and sixty bishops. The legates of St. Leo, the bishop of Rome, presided.

A decree, embodying, in clear and precise terms, the doctrine of the Catholic Church, was drawn up, which the Council declared with one voice, to be that of the Fathers and councils. They anathematized the doctrines of Eutiches, forbade them to be taught, and ordained that any bishop or cleric holding them should be deposed, and any monk or lay person, excommunicated.

The Church of England professes to hold the doctrines and respect the decisions of these Four General Councils.

A century later, viz. in 553, great division and confusion having been

created by certain writings of Theodoret of Mopsuestia, and Ibas, bishop of Edessa, the Fifth General Council was held, at Constantinople, which decreed as follows:—"We receive the four Councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Calcedon. We assert that they taught the true faith. We condemn Theodoret of Mopsuestia and his writings. We anathematize the impious letter written by Ibas, in which he denies that the Word was incarnate and made man of the Virgin. We anathematize the Three Chapters and their defenders, who pretend to support them on the authority of the Council of Calcedon."

In the following century, the Sixth General Council was held, to suppress the errors of the Monotholites, who taught that there was only one will in Christ. It declared as follows:—"We decide that there are two wills in Christ, and we forbid the contrary to be taught. We detest and reject the impious doctrine of the heretics, who admit only one will. This we pronounce to be contrary to the doctrine of the apostles, the decrees of councils, and the sentiments of the Fathers."

In the following century, viz. in the year 787, the Seventh General Council was held, at Nice, to condemn the error of the Iconoclasts, or image breakers, who asserted that it was unlawful to have images and pictures in churches, and that the honor paid to them by the Catholic Church was idolatrous. Three hundred and sixty bishops attended this Council, and unanimously signed a decree condemning the errors of the Iconoclasts, asserting the lawfulness of images and pictures, and distinguishing between the relative honors shown to them and the supreme adoration paid to God alone. The usual anathemas were pronounced against the new doctrine and its abettors.

In the following century, the Pope having declared invalid the election

of Photius to the see of Constantinople, the latter rejected the supremacy of the See of Rome, and moreover, taught that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father only, not from the Father and the Son. To oppose these errors the Eighth General Council met, at Constantinople, in 870. The doctrines of Photius were condemned, and himself and followers anathematized.

Photius set the Council at defiance, and, by the aid of the secular authorities, continued to maintain his ground, and, ultimately, to drag with him into schism the greater portion of the Greek Church.

The schism was healed for a time by the Fourteenth General Council, held at Lyons, in 1274, over which the Pope presided in person, and at which five hundred bishops attended, besides sixty abbots, and about a thousand prelates of inferior rank. At this Council the Greeks acknowledged the Supremacy of the Holy See; and in the solemn mass of thanksgiving celebrated on that occasion, the Creed of Constantinople, with the words "and the Son," was sung both in Latin and Greek, these words being twice repeated, in public testimony that the Greeks renounced their error, which asserted the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father only. Unfortunately, this happy reconciliation was but of short duration, the majority of the Greek schismatics refusing to abandon their errors.

It would be useless to recite the whole list of general councils. Suffice it to say, that, in all of them, without exception, the same principles were acted upon. In every one of these councils, the assembled bishops claimed to be invested with a divine authority to define the Faith of the Church, to anathematize error, and to exclude from her communion all who held it. In every instance, the definitions of these councils were

based, not upon private interpretation of scripture, but upon the doctrines handed down in the Church by a uniform and unbroken tradition, and authoritatively propounded by the episcopal body.

The last General Council was held at Trent. It met in 1545, and continued its sessions, with some interruptions, till 1563, a period of eighteen years. Its object was to define with precision the faith of the Church, on all those points which were assailed by the different sects of Protestants, as well as to reform ecclesiastical discipline, and improve the morality of the Christian world, both in the clergy and laity, which a long period of prosperity, added to the continual disorders attendant upon the formation of the modern European states, had fearfully enervated.

The scripture informs us, that "while men slept the enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat." Never was prediction more strikingly verified than at this period. Luther and his associates having broken from the centre of unity, round which the nations of the earth were revolving in peaceful harmony, flew off from the Church and from each other in every direction, obeying, in their vagrant course, the conflicting influences of a hundred systems, and throwing out fragments as they proceeded, which spread consternation through all the host of heaven. Never did error before assume such various and changeful forms. Some of the chief Reformers themselves lamented, that if any one knew the doctrines of his party to-day, it was impossible for him to predict what it would be to-morrow. In the meantime, defection from the Church proceeded at a rapid speed. Province followed province, kingdom revolted after kingdom, till, if the promise of Christ had not been engaged to his Universal Church, fears might have been entertained for its safety. In this juncture the

Council of Trent assembled. And what were its proceedings? Did it enter into a compromise with its increasing foes, and offer concessions to any of their innovations? No: it assumed the high dignity which belonged to the Church of Christ, summoned before it every error, and fulminated against it the apostolic anathema. Not a quibble, not a subterfuge, did it leave to innovation. On original sin it condemned five errors, and thirty-three on justification alone. Its definitions were drawn up in clear and concise terms, calculated, not to disguise or mystify, but to place clearly before every eye what the Church approved and what she condemned. "If any one shall say that the first man Adam, did not, by transgressing the divine command in paradise, lose the sanctity and justice in which he was created—let him be anathema. If any one shall assert that man may be justified before God, by his own works, without divine grace through Jesus Christ—anathema. If any one shall assert that the sacraments of the new law were not all instituted by Jesus Christ, or that they are fewer or more than seven—anathema. If any one shall deny that a true and propitiatory sacrifice is offered to God in the Mass—anathema."

This was not the course which human prudence would have dictated, but it was that which truth required. The Church had no authority over the sacred deposit of revealed truth, but to guard it from error and hand it faithfully down. To permit the smallest change, even to prevent the defection of a kingdom, would have been a criminal betrayal of her trust. Therefore, whilst, in the Council of Trent, she used every mild persuasion to induce her erring children to return to their duty, and offered to listen to their arguments, she refused them a share in her councils, till they should have made their

submission, laying before them, at the same time, in the clearest terms, the errors she required them to renounce.

From these facts I deduce the following conclusions:—

First, That from the Council of the Apostles at Jerusalem, in the first century, till that of Trent, in the sixteenth, the Catholic Church invariably pursued the same plan for preserving the purity of the faith, and removing the corruptions of error, viz. the plan of authority. In every succeeding council she asserted her claim to teach Religion to the world, and to be obeyed. She defined articles of faith, and pronounced anathemas on all who refused to receive them. In this manner she suppressed hundreds of heresies, and expelled from her communion thousands of their followers. Clearly, if she was not constituted by Jesus Christ the infallible teacher of his truths, and the supreme ruler of his people, she has, from the earliest periods, been involved in grievous error; and, as all the sects which have revolted from her, and claimed to be the Church of Christ, were contradictory in their doctrines, evanescent in their duration, and limited in their numbers, true Christianity must have been lost to the world, before it had numbered the years of an ordinary sect.

Secondly, It is evident from this brief history of the Church, that the principle she has followed has ever produced the fruits which Jesus Christ predicted should be the characteristics of his Church, viz. unity, universality, and perpetuity.

As to unity, it is manifest, that whenever the Universal Church met in general council, which she did upon an average once every century, she invariably found her bishops, from every part of the world, agreed in doctrine; so that she defined her articles of faith by universal acclaim,

and, when she sent them forth to the world, they were received without opposition, not as doctrines known then for the first time, but as the recognized and well known doctrines of former ages.

Thirdly, This fact of the perfect agreement of the Universal Church, at so many different periods, with such short intervals between, proves that no change of faith can have been made. For, in this case, there must have been a time when a few adopted the change, against the many, till, increasing in numbers, one half of the Christian world believed the same doctrine to be true, which the other half believed to be false. But experience has shown that this was impossible; every novelty in doctrine being, as we have seen, immediately denounced, and suppressed by the authority of the Church, in her provincial synods and general councils, as well as by the decisions of her pontiffs and bishops. Hence, it is manifest, that the doctrine of the Church never has undergone a change, and that, consequently, the promises of Christ have been fulfilled in her regard, and that He "remains with her" still.

Fourthly, That the Church which pursued the principle of authority, has alone fulfilled the command of Christ to "teach all nations," her general councils alone might suffice to attest; for the vast number of bishops who attended those councils, from every known country of the world, could belong only to a Universal Church; and that every country was originally converted by herself, is matter of historical fact. As to the sects, which, at any time revolted from her, they never bore the smallest comparison with her, either in the number of their disciples, or in the extent of their locality; nor was any pagan country ever converted by them. Thus, whilst the Catholic Church has ever been in reality what

her name implies,—that is, universal,—others have assumed that appellation, in contradiction to fact, at the same time that their short-lived duration proved how little their pretension to the title could affect its genuine possessor.

If it be said, as it may be, that the Church of England, and most other sects, have also claimed the right of teaching and governing by divine authority, after their first separation from the parent Church, I reply, that their claims have never been allowed, even by their own followers, except when supported by the more dreaded and more respected authority of the state. Who, in fact, ever feared the spiritual anathemas of the Church of England? Who believes that exclusion from her pale is exclusion from the sheep-fold of Christ? Who imagines that he cannot participate in the benefits of the redemption, if he be unwillingly cast, or voluntarily walk forth, from her communion? Even her Oxford defenders claim for her no higher honor than that of being a *branch* of the Church of Christ. What should prevent the bird, which is driven from one branch, from flying to another? The fact is, her learned and zealous divines may labor to build up the authority of their Church as they please; unless the Lord build with them they labor in vain. An attentive observer of the signs of the times, would run no great risk in predicting the result of their bold and arduous attempt. How different is the authority of the Catholic Church! Her doctrines are listened to by Christians of every clime, as the teachings of Truth itself; her anathemas are equally dreaded, though a vast Atlantic roll between, and though the feeble hand that wields her thunders can inspire no alarm on the score of this world. But this is superstition? Yes; the same superstition, and no other, that inspired the incestuous Corinthian,

when the apostle delivered him over to Satan; the same that the bystanders felt when Ananias and Saphira withered away at St. Peter's reproof. And why call it superstition? If God instituted authorities, he intended them to be obeyed: if he armed his Church with power, he intended it to be feared. To obey and to fear in such a case, is a proof of faith and grace, not of superstition; to disobey or disregard, is a proof of infidelity or abandonment, not of magnanimity.

One word as to the principles of private judgment and scripture alone. It has produced, in the lapse of ages, a thousand sects, as different from each other as from the Church they deserted; as divided from each other as the fallen leaves in autumn; without unity, without universality, without permanency; tossed about a while, like those leaves, by every

wind of doctrine, till some mighty storm disperses them forever. Reason tells us, that out of those thousand sects only one, at most, can be right; but no reason can discover whether that one be amongst the sects of the present day, or is to be amongst the thousand others, which ages still more enlightened may hereafter produce.

If, then, "a good tree cannot bring forth bad fruit," the principle of private interpretation cannot be good; for disunion, separation, and extinction, are bad fruits indeed. As, on the other hand, if "a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit," the principle of divinely commissioned authority cannot be bad, its fruits being precisely those which the Redeemer loves, and truth demands for His Church, unity, universality, perpetuity.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell my native land,
A long and last adieu,
I'll tread no more thy sunny strand
Nor climb thy mountains blue.

Farewell, farewell my happy cot,
Beside the silver stream;
By me thou'lt never be forgot,
Thou'lt live in memory's dream.

Our bark is gliding o'er the seas,
So gallantly and free,
And each dark wave that rolls along
Is bearing me from thee.

And each soft breeze that wafts us on
So sprightly o'er the deep,
Is bearing back my sighs to thee;
For thee alone I weep.

Thy hills are melting into air,
Yet can I feebly trace
The well known vale, the cottages
Where beams each happy face.

With whom in many a boyish play
I've ranged the valleys round,
'Till greenwood tree and mountain grey
Re-echoed back the sound.

Yon lingering ray of evening's sun
That gilds the mountain green,
Seems stayed awhile by nature's hand
To cheer the parting scene.

But when again to-morrow eve,
'Twill beautify the earth,
Far will I be from that dear scene
The cottage of my birth!

Oh happy home of infant joys!
I leave thee far behind,
And now ten thousand fond regrets
Burst forth upon my mind.

Even lofty Donard's rocky pile
Is fading from my view,
Then fare thee well, sweet smiling isle,
A burning, last adieu!

T. S.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

GRAVE OF THE INDIAN KING.

BY A LADY.

WHEN the hunter shall sit by the mound, and produce his food at noon, "some warrior rests here," he will say, and my fame shall live in his praise.—*Ossian*.

NATURE seems to have made the fair west in one of her sweetest and kindest moods. Beyond the Onondaga hills for a long distance, there are no mountains lifting their bleak and rugged summits to the clouds to break the landscape; no beetling cliffs and shagged precipices, frowning upon the startled beholder; no dark and gloomy ravines "horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn." But the whole region, for hundreds of miles, presents a scene of placid and uninterrupted beauty, varied only by gentle hills, moderate declivities, broad plains, and delightful valleys. The entire face of the country is moreover diversified by a succession of clear and beautiful lakes,—fit residence for the Naiads,—and traversed by rivers which wend their way tranquilly to the north, until by one mighty bound, they leap from the table land into the embrace of the majestic Ontario, and are lost in the immensity of its waters.

But of all the lesser lakes with which this charming country has been rendered thus picturesque and delightful, Skaneateles unites the suffrages of the traveled world as the most beautiful. Its very name, in the language of the proud race who once ranged its forests, and bounded along its shores with the lofty tread of heaven's nobility, or darted across its bright surface in the light canoe with the swiftness of an arrow, signi-

fies the *Lake of Beauty*. It is true that being thus divested of the wildness and grandeur of mountain scenery, the stranger's attention is less powerfully awakened at the first view, than if it had been cast among the adamantine towers of a more rugged region. But there is a quiet loveliness in the country by which it is surrounded—an air of repose—eminently calculated to please and captivate the heart. The lands descend on all sides in a gentle slope to the margin of the lake forming as it were, a spacious amphitheatre, having a fountain of liquid silver sparkling in its bosom. Its shores are alternately beautified by the hands of man with cultivated fields, adorned by the living verdure of the meadow, or fringed with banks of flowers. While to augment the charm of variety, some of nature's own stately picturings are left, consisting of ranges of the primitive forest, here towering aloft in giant pride, and there overhanging the shore, and dipping their pendant branches in the clear cool element in which every object is reflected back with fresh and vivid distinctness. Combining so many of the elements of beauty, few spots on the broad map of the occidental world can be designated having equal pretensions to admiration. Still, however, in the eye of untutored man, how much more beautiful must the Skaneateles have been, before the dense forests in

which it was embosomed fell as though struck by the hand of a magician,—when it lay amidst the awful stillness and venerable grandeur which prevailed around—the dark foliage—the rich and solemn covering of the woods, giving it an air of indescribable magnificence and beauty—in perfect keeping with the moody and contemplative habits of the mighty chieftains of the wilderness!

The attractive sheet of water which we have thus briefly described is sixteen miles long and from one to two miles in breadth. The village, which takes its name from the lake, is pleasantly situated at its northern extremity, elevated but a few feet above the pebbly beach upon which the little crisped billows break so gently as scarce to give sound enough to hush an infant to repose. The view is charming at all times; but nothing can be more delightful—more exquisitely beautiful—than the prospect from this lovely village, on a cool summer's evening, when the queen of night throws her silver mantle over the sparkling waters, lighting them up like a mirror of surpassing brightness. Behind the village the land rises by an easy ascent, into a hill of moderate height, upon the summit of which an open grove of primitive forest trees, to the extent of some fifty acres, has been suffered to remain by the proprietor—an English gentleman, who has thus far followed the westward march of empire. From this elevated spot the prospect is enlarged, and, if possible yet more attractive than below. It includes a wide sweep of fertile country, embracing sections both wild and cultivated, farm houses and country seats, fields diversified with gardens, meadows, orchards, copses, and groves.

Near the centre of this forest rises a little mound, covered with wild and luxuriant herbage, like a Druid's grave; and which, from time im-

memorial, has been respected by the pale faces who have succeeded the dusky lords to whom the Creator originally granted the fee-simple of the soil, as the lone and hallowed sepulchre of an Indian king. Indeed, tradition has invested it with greater interest than often attaches to the last narrow habitation even of those who may have figured largely in story and in song. Be mine the humble task to gather up the history of the sacred spot, and to rescue the fleeting tradition alike from the dangers of exaggeration, or the repository of oblivion.

The district in which the incidents of our drama occurred, is situated in the heart of what was formerly the territory of the Five Nations of Indians—the Iroquois of the French, and the Mingoes of the early English history. These nations consisted of the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagoes, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. They were a noble race of the American aborigines, and have been appropriately designated as the Romans of this western world. Their league resembled a confederated republic, although they had not advanced much beyond the first stage in the science of government. Like the Romans, their conquests were pushed to a vast extent, so that by the right of inheritance, or of arms, their subject territory extended from the mouth of the Sorel on the St. Lawrence up the great chain of lakes to the Mississippi, thence to the junction of the Ohio with this Father of Rivers, south to the country of the Creeks and Cherokees, and from the ocean to the lakes. Like the Romans, they added to their own strength by incorporating their vanquished foes into their own tribes. And of the prisoners thus adopted, those who behaved well were treated as though of their own blood; and if wise at the council-fire, and brave on the war-path, they were advanced to

posts of honor. Like the Romans, moreover, their ambition was to extend their conquests, even while their power and influence were on the decline. They cherished a high and chivalrous sense of good faith and honor, according to their own rude notions, and carried on a war for thirty years for a single infraction of the rights of the calumet. Their prowess was great, and their name a terror to other savage nations, long after the whites had planted themselves over a wide space of the country. The grand councils of this powerful confederacy were held in the deep and romantic valley of the Onondaga, where, as they believed, "there had been, from the beginning, a continual fire kept burning."

The Five Nations, moreover, being the friends and allies of the English, were consequently much of the time involved in hostilities with the French, then in possession of the Canadas, and also with the Indians who had been induced to adhere to them by the Jesuits—for "the Holy Order of Jesus" had, even thus early, insinuated its priestly emissaries into every tribe. Indeed, their fidelity to the English was sometimes brought to the severest trials; and whoever traces their history will find their conduct to have been regulated by an elevated and punctilious regard to honor, and marked by disinterestedness "above all Greek, all Roman fame." "When the hatchet makers," said the eloquent Sadekanaghtie to Governor Fletcher, at Albany, in 1694, "first arrived in this country, we received them kindly. When they were but a small people, we entered into a league with them, to guard them from all enemies whatsoever. We were so fond of their society, that we tied the great canoe which brought them, not with a rope made of bark, to a tree, but with a strong iron chain fastened to a great mountain. Then the great council

at Onondaga planted a tree of peace at Albany, whose top will reach the sun, and its branches spread far abroad, so that it shall be seen a great way off; and we shall shelter ourselves under it and live at peace without molestation. The fire of love burns at this place, as well as at Onondaga; and this house of peace must be kept clean. Let the covenant chain be kept bright like silver, and held fast on all sides; let not one pull his arm from it." Alas! noble, generous chief! how fleeting were thy glowing visions: and thy brightest anticipations of peace with the white man, how soon, were they overcast! How soon in the bitterness of grief and disappointment, wast thou compelled to exclaim,— "Our arms are stiff and tired of holding fast the chain, while others sit still and smoke at their ease. The fat is melted from our flesh, and fallen on our neighbors, who grow fat while we grow lean. They flourish, while we decay." Even the race of the tribe which numbered the illustrious Sadekanaghtie, Tachanootia, Decanesora, and Garangula, whose simple and unstudied eloquence, clothed in the rich and beautiful imagery furnished from the storehouse of nature, shone more brightly than the blaze of their council-fires, has been swept from the face of the earth; and a few straggling remnants of the other tribes who formed this celebrated confederacy, are all now left of the once mighty and terrible *Onguehon-we*.* But in our desire to bestow a passing tribute of honorable and well-deserved praise upon an illustrious race, whose merits have never been properly appreciated—whose noble characteristics have not been well understood, and whose proud character all history has united to calumniate,—we may have digressed too far,

* Signifying "Men surpassing all others"—a name which the Five Nations conferred upon themselves.

and will now return to our subject—"the Grave of the Indian King."

The frequent hostilities in which the Five Nations were involved with the Canadian French and Indians, in consequence of their alliance with the English, have already been mentioned. And cruel were the conflicts and retaliatory massacres on both sides, as might be instanced in the battle between the Five Nations and the Hurons near Quebec—the destruction of Schenectady, and slaughter of Montreal. Too often, moreover, were they encouraged and pushed into hostilities by the English, and in time of need left without adequate succors or supplies. In the year 1690, Count Frontenac, one of the most efficient and politic, as well, perhaps, as the most cruel of the French governors in Canada, attempted to detach the Five Nations from the friendship of the English colony, and negotiate a separate peace. With this view, through the agency of the Jesuits, the count succeeded in persuading the Indians to call a grand council of their chiefs at the old council-fire in Onondaga, to which he despatched messengers with his proposals. There were eighty sachems present; and the council was opened by Sadekanaghtie. The French commissioners labored assiduously to accomplish their purpose, and the conference continued several days. But a messenger from Albany informed the chiefs that a separate peace would displease the English, and the proposals were thereupon promptly rejected. Shortly afterward, the count determined to avenge himself upon the Five Nations, for having preferred the preservation of their good faith and honor to the peace which he had proffered. For this purpose he assembled all his disposable troops, amounting to four battalions, with the Indians under his control, and departed from Montreal on the 9th of July, 1696. In addition

to small arms, they took with them two light pieces of cannon, two small mortars, a supply of grenades, &c. After a wearisome march of twelve days, during which the utmost circumspection was necessary to avoid ambuscades, the count reached the foot of Lake Cadarakui (now called Ontario,) and crossed thence in canoes to the estuary of the Oswego river, which flows from the northern extremity of the Onondaga, or Salt lake—the Onondaga river flowing into the southern end, near the great salt licks. The expedition cautiously ascended the Oswego, and crossed the Salt Lake, keeping strong scouts on the flanks to prevent any surprise that might be attempted by a crafty enemy. This precautionary measure was the more necessary, inasmuch as the Indians, against whom they were marching, with their wonted chivalry, had given the French notice that they were apprized of their hostile approach. A tree had been discovered by one of the scouts, on the trunk of which the savages had painted a representation of the French army on its march; and at the foot of the tree two bundles of rushes had been deposited, serving at once as a note of defiance, and giving the invader to understand that he would be compelled to encounter as many warriors as there were rushes in the bundles. These, being counted, were found to number fourteen hundred and thirty-four.

The castle of the Onondagoes was situated in the midst of the deep and beautiful valley to which we have already referred, and through which the Onondago river winds its way to the lake. Count Frontenac, with his motley forces had made a halt near the licks, and thrown up some temporary defences. The site of the castle was but five or six miles remove from the French camp. It was a sacred spot in the eyes of the Indians, as the seat of the grand councils had

for ages regulated the affairs of the fierce and wild democracy of the Five Nations. They had, therefore, resolved to defend it to the last; their women and children had been sent from the rude village deeper into the shades of the forest. Circumstances, however, changed this determination on the day upon which Count Frontenac intended to advance. Two of the Hurons deserted from the forces of the count, and gave the Onondagoes, to whose assistance neither of their associate tribes had yet arrived, such an appalling account of the French, that they dared not remain and give battle. Yonnondio's* army, they said, was like the leaves on the trees—more numerous than the pigeons that fly to the north after the season of snows. They were armed, they said, with great guns that threw up huge balls high towards the sun. And when these balls fell into their castle they would explode and scatter fire and death everywhere. Upon this intelligence, the sachems gathered into a group around the council-fire for consultation. Their piercing eye balls, which were at first burning with indignation, soon dropped sullenly to the earth, as they reflected upon the impossibility of contending against such weapons, while their dusky countenances gathered darkness with the gloom. Some of the principal chiefs having interchanged a few words in an under tone, there was a call to bring Thurensera† to the council-fire. A dozen young warriors instantly sprang to their feet, and bounded towards the principal wigwam of the village with the swiftness of an arrow. Ere many seconds had elapsed, they returned, bearing upon a

rudely constructed litter an aged and venerable looking chief, whose head had been whitened by the snows of more than a hundred winters. He had been foremost on the war-path, and first at the council-fire, before the great canoes of the pale faces had touched the shores which the Great Spirit had given them. The young men treated their burden with the utmost care and deference, and the aged chieftain was seated at the foot of a tall weeping elm, against the huge trunk of which he leaned for support. A brief but solemn pause ensued, during which all eyes were directed to the venerable father of the council. At length the veteran sachem raised his head, and looking about upon the group of chiefs and warriors gathered anxiously around him, he broke silence as follows:—

“Why have my children brought Thurensera to the council-fire? The Great Spirit will soon call him to his hunting grounds. Thurensera's eyes are dim, and his limbs, no longer like the bending sapling, are stiff like scathed trees of the burnt prairies. He can no more bend the strong bow, he cannot go forth upon the war-path, or recount the deeds of his fathers to the young men at the council-fire. Thurensera is a woman. But his father was a great chief; and,” elevating his voice he added, “I can now see him sitting upon a cloud fringed with the red lightning, and beckoning me to come. Why have my children called Thurensera? And why do their eyes rest upon the ground, and their spirits droop like the hawk when struck by the young eagle!”

After another pause, and a moment's consultation among the chiefs, one of the bravest warriors informed the sage of the intelligence received from Yonnondio's camp, and of the peril of their situation. They had, therefore, sent to their father for counsel in this emergency.

* The name by which the Five Nations designated the French governor; Cayenguirago was the name they gave to the English governors.

† A name among the Five Nations signifying the “Dawning of the Light.”

Once more there was a silence—still as the forest shades, when not a leaf rustles in the breeze, nor a stick breaks beneath the light tread of the fox. The venerable sage hid his furrowed countenance in his withered hands, as if deeply engaged in thought, while the dark group of chiefs and warriors gathered more closely around, all ready to obey his counsel, be what it might, and all anxious, as it were, to drink in the wisdom that was for the last time perhaps to flow from his lips. At length the chieftain of more than thirteen hundred moons, slowly raised his head and spoke as follows:—

“My children! This council-fire, which the Great Spirit first kindled with sparks from the sun, must go out. The Great Spirit wills it. But the two logs will blaze again, and this valley gleam with red light. Then shall my children consume the battle in its rage, and the spirits of our fathers riding on the storm-clouds, rejoice!

“My children! You see my head is whitened by more than a hundred snows. Listen to my words. I have been upon the war-path with your fathers, and with your fathers’ fathers. But the Great Spirit commands me to his hunting-grounds, where I shall be bounding like the young deer before the setting sun.

“My children! A cloud has gathered over our council-fire, and you must fly. Yonnondio is come among us with his people, like a flock of birds. You must not wait till you see the big ball of thunder coming to your destruction, or the star of day and night that breaks when it falls, to burn your castle and wigwams.

“My children! You have been like the lynx on the trail, and made the war-path red with the blood of your enemies. But you must fly, until joined by the Oneidas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas; then you can come back upon your ene-

mies, and spring upon them when they are asleep, and the fire-balls cannot burst upon you, to kill my warriors and burn up their wigwams.

“My children! Thurenserra will stay, to show Yonnondio’s pale-faces how to die. Yonnondio shall see what a Mingo can bear without a cry of pain. He will see what his children will have to fear when my sons assemble their warriors and come upon his settlements in their wrath.

“My children! when you pass this way, look for my bones. Bury them deep in the bosom of the earth, who is my mother, on the hill looking towards the rising sun, by the lake that is beautiful. Put into my grave my pipe, my hatchet, and my bow, that I may chase the moose and the buffalo in the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. Put in my canoe, that is on the beautiful lake, that when the Great Spirit tells me I may come and look upon my children, I may paddle again on the bright waters of Skaneateles. I will come when the moon in her fulness steals over the lake to let her light sleep on its calm bosom. As I glide onward, the lovers among our young men and women will dream of other days; and the spirits of the clouds will whisper—‘The grave of the old warrior, who taught Yonnondio how to die.’ They will tell the white man to cross it with a soft step.

“My children! you must fly! Keep the covenant chain of our tribes bright as silver—and let it bind you together like strong iron. Put the brand to your castle and your wigwams, that Yonnondio may get no booty but the scalp of Thurenserra. Let the rain of heaven wash all the bad from your hearts, that we may again smoke together in friendship in the happy country of the Great Spirit. Thurenserra has no more to say.”

The aged chief was listened to

throughout with the most profound attention. The subsequent deliberation was brief, for time was pressing, and the decision of the council was unanimous, to avoid an engagement and retire into the forest. The chiefs and warriors, and the young men in particular, were exceedingly reluctant to leave the venerable sachem, by whose wisdom they had so long been guided, and by whose arm so often led to victory; but he was resolute in his purpose, and inflexible to his determination. He gathered himself into an attitude of perfect composure, and, turning his face in the direction from which Frontenac was expected, prepared to meet his fate. Meantime the sachems and warriors, having hastily completed their arrangements, took their final leave of the old chieftain, applied the brand to their dwellings, and disappeared in the thick wilderness.

The Count Frontenac, astonished at the sight of the ascending columns of smoke, as they rose in dense and curling masses toward the sky, moved rapidly forward, but it was to an empty conquest. The huts and the rude works of the Indians were already in ashes. The old chief, Thurenserra, was found by the trunk of the elm, with the same stoical composure with which he had been left; and Frontenac's Indians had, by his permission, the pleasure of tormenting him. He bore their tortures with unflinching firmness. Not a muscle moved, not a limb quivered; not a sigh, not a groan escaped him. At length they stabbed him in several places.

"Go on, ye tormentors!" he exclaimed with an energy belonging to former days: "the old eagle has received the death-arrow in his breast. He will never soar again, but in the bright skies of the Great Spirit. You cannot harm him. The Great Spirit," he continued, "has touched my eyes, and I see through the clouds of death

the warriors who have raised the war cry with me in other times. They are walking on the winds, and playing on the clouds. I see the dark waters which all must pass. Those dark waters are the tears shed by the Great Spirit for the evil deeds of his children. Go on, ye tormentors! ye Indians who take the scalp for Yonnondio; ye dogs of dogs! but why stab me with the long knife? You had better burn me with fire, that the Frenchman may know how to die. Tear me to pieces: roast me at the war-feast: scatter my ashes to the winds: crumble my bones in the salt lake. Yonnondio's Indians! listen to the voice of the Manito, while he bids Thurenserra tell what is to come upon you. Your race is to be as the river dried up—as the dead trees of the forest, when the fire has gone over it. The white man who sent Yonnondio over the great lake, in the big canoe, will lose his power. A *Wolf* is to walk abroad, that will scatter the pale-faces at Quebec like a flock of sheep, and drive them out of the red man's land. The white men with Cayenguirago, who is our friend, will come over the land like the leaves. The panther is bounding to the setting sun; the bear moves slowly off the ground; the deer and the buffalo leap over the mountains, and are seen no more. The forest bows before the white men. The great and the little trees fall before his big hatchet. The white man's wigwams rise like the hill-tops, and are as white as the head of the bald eagle. The waters shall remain; and when the red man is no more, the names he gave them shall last. The Great Spirit has said it. A hundred warriors are coming to lead me on the trail to the happy hunting grounds. Think of me, ye tormentors, when my sons come upon you like the chafed panther in his swiftness and his strength. Great Spirit! I come!" Thus died Thurenserra, with

a greatness of soul worthy of a sachem of the Five Nations.

When the invader had retired, the Onondagoes conveyed the remains of the lofty Thurensera to the hill of the Skaneateles, and buried him in the "Grave of the Indian King." And in this hallowed spot his ashes have reposed in peace, the little mound becoming more holy by the lapse of years, and the tradition more interesting as lights and shadows were imparted to it by those whose imaginations were kindled by the relation, until the autumn of the year of grace 1829, when it was visited by an English *savant*, who spent some months with the hospitable proprietor of the consecrated mound. This gentleman had traveled much, and had been a great collector of curiosities. He had killed alligators in the Delta of the Mississippi, and chased buffaloes in California. He

had hunted elephants in South Africa, and tigers in the jungles of Bengal. He had rescued an urn from the ruins of Herculaneum, and dug an Ibis, and a thigh-bone of one of the Pharaohs, from the pyramids of Grand Cairo. And he was resolved to penetrate the secrets of the Indian's grave, and if possible to obtain the pipe, the tomahawk, and the hunting apparatus, if not the canoe, of the venerable chief, to enrich the great museum of the capital of his native land. Accordingly, with great secrecy, he repaired thither one moonlight night in October, armed with crowbar and shovel. But, alas, for the worthy collector of curiosities, and the veracity of traditional history! a bed of compact limestone rock, within a few inches of the surface of the earth, soon taught the Gothic invader of the grave, that no grave had ever been there!

A LETTER TO A FRIEND,

ON THE TRACT ENTITLED, "ROMAN FALLACIES AND CATHOLIC TRUTHS:"
PUBLISHED BY THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY,—
NO. 28 ANN-STREET, NEW-YORK.

LETTER II.

Most respected and esteemed Friend:

Continuing my observations upon the tract entitled "Catholic truths and Roman fallacies," I think it proper to transcribe the profession of faith made by the author in the following words:—

"CATHOLIC TRUTHS.

Taught in the Roman and in the English and American Churches.

"Christ, the eternal Son of God, who took man's nature upon Him in

the womb of the Virgin Mary, and lived among men, founded His Church upon earth. He ordained baptism to be the means of admission into it, and gave the Holy Eucharist to be a perpetual pledge of His presence with it. He promised that the gates of hell should never prevail against it. He commissioned His Apostles to preach the Gospel to all the world, and to provide for a perpetual succession of ministers in His Church. He promised to be with them always, even to the end of the world, and invested them with His

Divine authority to administer His sacraments, and to declare in His name, to all who should repent and embrace the Gospel, that their sins were forgiven; to all who rejected it, that their sins were retained. 'Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.' He, moreover, gave to His apostles the special promise of His Holy Spirit, to enable them to remember whatsoever He had said to them. The holy Scriptures of the New Testament were written either by apostles, or under the immediate sanction and superintendence of apostles."

The English and the American Churches may teach the above creed or make the above profession of faith, but as to the Roman Church not altogether, and the author gives us a new proof of his unacquaintance with our doctrine. Baptism is not a mere means of admission into the Church, but it is a sacrament by which the original sin and the actual sins are forgiven. The author knows very well that his Church agrees on this point with the Catholic Church, but not with the Presbyterians and other sects, who deny the efficacy of baptism to forgive sins, and therefore they care very little whether a child dies unbaptized or not. Consequently, the article thus worded, expresses a part of the truth, for surely we are received into the Church by baptism, but, not all the truth. The author himself transcribes the creed in which is said, I believe in the one baptism for the *remission of sins*, and placed it in contradiction to what he calls the Roman creed.

But what is still more striking, is, to give out as an article of faith, upon which we Catholics agree with the Church of England, that God invested the ministers of the Church with His Divine authority to admin-

ister the sacraments, and to **DECLARE** in His name, to all who should repent and embrace the Gospel, that their sins **WERE FORGIVEN**; to all who rejected it, that their sins **WERE** retained. This is not, by any means, the doctrine of the Catholic Church nor of the Church of England, for in both Churches the *form* of absolution is the same, namely: "I **ABSOLVE** thee from thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and the minister has the power of declaring that the sinner is forgiven. It is astonishing, indeed, that in order to deny to the ministers of the Church the power of absolution, and at the same time not to pass unnoticed the evident text quoted by our author, he should give the following and many other very erroneous interpretations; and pretend to force it upon us, and upon his Church, as part of our creed.

Who can *declare* that a man is forgiven? This would require a revelation. In the Catholic Church we only say, that a penitent is *absolved* on earth, and if his dispositions are such as we believe them to be, certainly he is forgiven in heaven; but as we do not know the secrets of the human heart, which are only known to God, we never dare in any particular case to say **POSITIVELY** that such man is forgiven. It is impossible to find an interpretation so contradictory to the text and to reason, as the one given out by our author as admitted by all the Churches. The text says, whose soever sins ye *remit*—and the author says, ye *declare* to be remitted. These are two very different things indeed. Why does not the Church of England in the *form* of absolution have her ministers to say, "I *declare* that your sins are forgiven?" Because such a form would be no absolution whatever. What would it mean? That the sins are forgiven in heaven before such a declaration takes place on

earth? Then the minister must know it previously, and it must be revealed to him. This, moreover, would be entirely against the text, for every reader will observe that, according to it, the forgiveness granted in heaven takes place in consequence of the ministerial function on earth. Does it mean that the forgiveness in heaven follows the declaration made by the minister on earth? Then such declaration is a falsehood at the time it is made, for it will be to declare existent, that which *will* exist, and this would be still more ridiculous and contrary to the text.

Allow me to observe. that such declaration would prove that the ministers are *infallible*, because it is made, according to the author by *divine authority*, which would prove infallibility, because it is the statement of a fact; and if this would not be true, it would be the statement of a falsehood by divine authority. We absolve, in the Catholic Church, by divine authority, but we do not state or declare by divine authority, that the sinner is forgiven. We only say that we have divine authority to forgive, but in the use of it we may be mistaken, as we do not know the secrets of the human heart, and the apparent penitent may be not such in reality. But according to our author, the minister comes forward and says, that the sinner is truly penitent, and his sins are forgiven, because, unless he knows the true repentance, he cannot declare that the sins are forgiven.

Taking into consideration the second part of the text, the absurdity of the author's interpretation will become still more evident. The text says, "whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." Can this be done by mere declaration? How can the minister know that the sinner is not truly penitent, and that his sins are retained? If it be only because he observes some signs of the want of

true repentance, this judgment is subject to many errors, and therefore, it cannot be enough to *declare* that the sins are retained. I call your attention to the difference between the two doctrines. The Catholic Priest states what he knows, that is, that he has complied with the rules in the administration of the sacrament of penance, and that the sacrament thus administered is sufficient to forgive the sins—he also can know (although he cannot give an account of the secrets of confession) that he has retained the sins of a penitent, whom he found not fit for absolution; but he cannot declare, that the sins of the former *actually* are forgiven, and those of the latter are retained; because he does not know the heart, and his master in Heaven will excuse, but will not sanction his errors on earth. For the Protestant, on the contrary, the minister either says nothing, or declares and testifies that the penitent is pardoned, or that he is not, which is the greatest presumption.

The author goes on in his fascinating plan, pretending to give a demonstration of the Roman fallacies, by presenting in two columns said fallacies, and the Catholic truths. Let us examine by parts, and expose the artifice.

"CATHOLIC TRUTHS

Taught in the Church of England and of America.

"The holy Scriptures are an infallible record of what Jesus Christ both did and taught."

"ROMAN FALLACIES

Taught in the Church of Rome.

"The Church of Rome is the infallible interpreter of the holy Scriptures."

Because the holy Scriptures are an infallible record, the Church cannot be an infallible interpreter of that

record! Have you ever met with a more anti-logical reasoning? The author should rather say, that precisely because the Scriptures are an *infallible* record, their meaning should be known in an *infallible* manner, which cannot be the case, unless we have an *infallible* interpreter, and none can be such but the Church. Suppose we retort the argument and say—that the Scripture being an infallible record, the doctrines truly *scriptural* must be infallible; and therefore the Protestant doctrines, which according to Protestant principles are not infallible, cannot be anything but *Protestant fallacies*. What would they answer?

“The holy Scriptures declare that Jesus Christ instituted two sacraments; viz:—Baptism and the Lord’s Supper, to be the means of grace and salvation.”

“The Church of Rome has declared that Jesus Christ instituted five other sacraments besides these two, as means of grace, and necessary to salvation, though not all to every one.”

Only because Protestants would not understand in the sense we do, the texts from which we prove the institution of the other sacraments, the author concludes that they are unscriptural and mere Roman fallacies. Hence he wishes to control our intellect and to have us believe by force as he does. Is this according to the Protestant principle of private judgment and free interpretation?

“The holy Scriptures declare that faithful men are accounted righteous before God, only on account of the merits of Jesus Christ.”

“The Church of Rome has declared that faithful men are account-

ed righteous before God, not only on account of the merits of Jesus Christ, but on account of their own merits also.”

The merit of a Christian is the merit of Christ, who gives value to human works, which by their own nature are worth nothing. Therefore it cannot be said, the merits of Christ and the merits of Christians, as if these were two independent things, and one would join to the other to increase its value. Christ gives his grace, and without it, man cannot do any good work. Christ, indeed, gives the good work, and the crown or reward.

“The holy Scriptures declare that Jesus Christ offered himself up once *for all* upon the cross as a propitiation for the sins of the whole world.”

“The Church of Rome has declared that the priest offers up a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice in the mass every day.”

I have already answered this objection, or rather pointed out this mistake in my preceding letter, and, therefore, I will not enter into an explanation. However, let it be observed that the words *for all* are not found in the original, nor in the French, the Italian, or the German Protestant translations of the Bible, and much less in the Catholic. Even in the English translation, said words are in italics, in order to show that they are introduced to complete the sense, according to Protestant principles. You see that they add to the text, whenever it is expedient.

“The holy Scriptures declare that God created man by his word out of the dust of the ground.”

“The Church of Rome has declar-

ed that the priest creates God by his word out of a piece of bread."

I have already answered this in my former letter. The priest creates God! Is it not laughable, or rather, provoking, to read such things as if they were our tenets? It appears that the priest creates the body of Christ, and moreover that the body of Christ is God.

"The holy Scriptures declare that in order to receive the blessings conveyed by means of the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper, it is necessary to partake of both the bread and wine."

"The Church of Rome has declared that under either kind alone a true sacrament is received, and refuses to the laity a participation in the cup of life."

Where does the Scripture say any such thing? On the contrary we read:—"whosoever shall eat this bread *or* drink the cup of the Lord," &c. (1 Cor. ii. 27.) The English Protestant Bible says "*and* drink," but I think that the other Protestant Bibles are as good as the English, to say nothing of the Catholic.

"The holy Scriptures declare that there are two states after death; a state of everlasting happiness, and a state of everlasting misery."

"The Church of Rome has declared that besides these two there is a third state, which she calls purgatory, where the Pope detains souls until they are fit for heaven."

As to everlasting states of existence there is no doubt that the Scriptures mention but two; our author, however, will never prove that the Scripture mentions no temporary state, surely Abraham was not in Heaven

nor in Hell, and in no everlasting state, when he was addressed by the rich man, who was in torments. Consequently, the proposition that the Scripture mentions no temporary place is false. Protestants will agree with us that according to the Scriptures we must account for every work, and this proves that we shall be either punished or rewarded for every one of them, They will also agree with us, that every man is a sinner according to the same Scriptures and that very few indeed will die without a sin. Hence if every sin is mortal and deserves eternal damnation, let them look for Heaven and for the fruits of the Redemption of mankind. I would tell them that the whole Scripture speaks of Purgatory without mentioning it, and that their doctrine is not only *unscriptural*, but *anti-scriptural*, as long as it makes the sacred volume become almost useless, for Hell must swallow the human race, with the exception of few and very few indeed extraordinary beings. They did not tell us that repentance would prevent this evil, because repentance although enough to separate a man from crime, very seldom is divested of *every imperfection*, and every moral imperfection would be a mortal sin. Protestants may be sure, that repentance very seldom will take a man to Heaven. Suppose an expiring mother, who sees round her bed her beloved children, and that moment although resigned to the will of God she feels some reluctance to leave them, and in some measure indulges these feelings. I now ask—is this perfection? Surely not. It is then a moral imperfection, and if every moral imperfection is a mortal sin, the mother in question dies in mortal sin and goes to Hell according to the Protestant doctrine. Suppose they answer that God will pardon her. This would involve them in two great difficulties: 1. I would ask where is there in the

Scriptures such pardon promised? No where—therefore this doctrine would be unscriptural, and consequently a *fallacy* according to their principles. 2. If such sins as this be so forgiven and no others, they are by their own nature more pardonable, that is, they are *venial* sins as we call them, deriving the name from the latin word *venia*, which in one of its significations means pardon. 3. Even so they cannot *positively* say that the Lord will not inflict upon such sinner any temporal punishment, as he has done it with others, as we know from the Scriptures. Hence they cannot positively assert that such sinner goes immediately to Heaven—they cannot positively say that such sinner is purified—and as they *positively* know that nothing defiled will enter into Heaven, they cannot positively deny (to say the least), the existence of Purgatory and present it as a Roman fallacy.

It is also very remarkable that Protestants will have us to reject the books of the Scriptures, and thus they force upon us their opinion and they tell us that we have no text in favor of our doctrine, because the most evident one is taken from the books of Maccabees, which are not canonical. But why are they not? Because Protestants would not have them as such, for certainly the mere fact of not being found in the ancient canon of the Jews does not prove that they are not the divine word, because in that case, the Apocalypse or Revelation, and several other books admitted by Protestants as divine should be rejected, because they were not always in the canon. At all events, the dispute, as I have already observed, is not upon the Scriptures, but upon their meaning, and upon receiving as canonical, some books which Protestants reject, and therefore they actually pretend to force upon us their opinion. But suppose we grant that the books of Maccabees are not

canonical, they at least were read in the Synagogue long before Christianity, and they did not express any new opinion, and were contradicted by nobody. In the historical passage we refer to, when sacrifice was offered for those who died in the battle, that they might be freed from sin, we find that it was a custom to do so, otherwise it would not have come to the mind of those champions to do any such thing. Therefore the doctrine of Purgatory is not a popish invention in the dark ages as Protestants would have it to be. Surely the Lord would not have suffered this doctrine to pass and to be inculcated in the Synagogue in his very presence if it was false. We may say that the text of Maccabees, without any further proof of its divinity, should be admitted as divine only because He did not object to it; for He who over-set the tables of those who were selling in the temple and turned out the profaners, would have done much more to the sellers of false scriptures and erroneous doctrines, if such were the books of the Maccabees.

Let it not be said that the Jewish doctrine is not a guide in Christianity, because on points regarding a future state of man there is and there can be no difference, the figures and ceremonies were only of the Jewish dispensation, but the object represented and the hopes were the same, as Protestants would confess, as to Heaven and Hell. To entertain a contrary doctrine is to be ignorant of the nature of Redemption.

“The holy Scriptures declare that prayer is to be offered up to God only.”

“The Church of Rome has declared that prayer is also to be offered up to the saints departed.”

No prayers are offered up to the Saints, but inasmuch as we are in

need of their prayers and intercession. Consequently every prayer in the Catholic Church is directed to God.

"The holy Scriptures declare that Jesus Christ is the image of the invisible Deity, and that faithful men are to address their prayers to God through him."

"The Church of Rome has declared that crosses and carved statues are images of Christ, and of the saints; and that prayer may be offered to Christ and to saints departed *through* these images."

Catholics address all their prayers *through* Christ, as the prejudiced author would perceive by reading any of our prayer books, for every prayer finishes with the words *through Christ our Lord*. The Catholic Church never *declared* that any statue is the image of God or of any of the saints, but that images may be used to remind us of the attributes of God, of the life of Christ, and of the saints. It is ridiculous to say that we offer up prayers to God *through the images*, and I am sure that the writer himself does not believe that we are so stupid as that. Any Catholic child would convince him of the contrary.

"The holy Scriptures declare that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"The Church of Rome declares that the suffrages of the faithful, and the indulgence of the Pope, avail in passing souls from purgatory into heaven."

There is no opposition whatever between the two assertions, because the indulgences derive their value only from the blood of Christ. Moreover, they are not intended to cleanse the soul from sin, but to relieve from temporal punishment.

"The holy Scriptures describe the Church of Rome in the days of the apostles as an integral part of the Catholic Church."

"The Church of Rome declares that she is not only a part, but the whole of the Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church."

It is false that the Church of Rome declares herself to be the *whole of the Holy, Catholic Church*, and calumny becomes evident by only considering that the Church of Rome could not call herself the principal Church and the Pope could not be the head of the Churches, unless they are parts of the Catholic or Universal Church.

"The holy Scriptures represent faith as that by which a man believes what God has revealed in his holy word."

"The Church of Rome declares that faith is that by which a man believes whatever the Church of Rome proposes to his belief."

The Catholic Church does believe that faith is a virtue by which a man believes what God has revealed, but she also believes that this revelation is given through the Church as a medium or a proper interpreter of the Scriptures. There is no contradiction whatever, although the writer pretends that there is a great one.

"The holy Scriptures declare that they are blessed who die in the Lord."

"The Church of Rome declares that they *only* are blessed whom she hath not declared to be accursed; that is **NONE**." (See p. 11.)

What contradiction is there between the two assertions? Surely **NONE**. Those are saved who die in

the Lord, and the Church condemns only those, who do not die in the Lord. The author refers the reader to a page of his tract, where he pretends to prove that the Catholic Church declares every individual as *cursed*, and I refer you to the observations I have made in the very letter on said passage.

“The holy Scriptures declare that Christians are bound to obey those who are set over them in the Lord in all things spiritual, when what they require is agreeable to the word of God.”

“The Church of Rome declares that Christians are bound to obey their priests in all things spiritual, when what they require is agreeable to the decisions of the Church of Rome.”

Who will decide whether the commandments of those who are set over the people agree or not with the will of God? There would be nothing but *nominal* obedience, which is the case in the Protestant Church.

“The holy Scriptures declare that men are to search the Scriptures, and to judge for themselves, whether what the Church in which they have been educated proposes to them to believe, be agreeable to Scripture.”

“The Church of Rome declares that the only legitimate exercise of private judgment is for a man to convince himself that he ought to yield up his senses and his reason to the entire disposal of the Church of Rome.”

False, and entirely false! There is no such thing in the Scriptures as to teach a man to *judge* for himself whether what the church in which he has been educated proposes to him to believe, be agreeable to the

Scripture. This assertion is a mere comment made by the author on the text, *search the Scriptures*. These were not written under the supposition that men should be educated in *different Churches*, but that all should be in one Church, for indeed there is but one, and there *can* be but one. The Scriptures were written under the supposition, that they should be truly useful by giving to men an infallible knowledge of the infallible truths, and, therefore, they never were written to be left to the caprice of men, and to submit them to their feeble interpretations, which are the sources of *different Churches*. The Scriptures were Scriptures written to be *infallibly* known, and, therefore, they require an infallible interpreter, who is the Holy Ghost, and such interpretation must be known by an infallible medium, which is the Church.

The author continues his tract by an enumeration of several doctrines of the Catholic Church, which he considers to be erroneous.

“1. IT IS NOT TRUE that the decisions of the Roman Church and the decrees of general councils are of *equal* authority with the word of God. If it were so, then were all Christians bound to receive the miracles recorded of Saint Rose, in the decree for her canonization, as of divine authority; for they are declared by the Church of Rome to be true, and that too, in the name of the blessed Trinity.”

The Catholic Church only declares that the *dogmatical* decisions of the general councils are a work of the Holy Ghost, and consequently infallible, and that they may be considered as a word of God; but never intended to make any comparison with the holy Scriptures. The miracles in the canonization of the Saints, are matters of fact not to be

compared to the points of doctrines. However, one truth, although of inferior order, is not less truth than another, without being of equal rank or dignity.

"2. IT IS NOT TRUE that the Church of Rome does *now hold* and receive the holy Scriptures in the same sense in which the Catholic Church *has held* and received the holy Scriptures in primitive times. This can be shown by reference to the recorded decisions of councils."

"*This can be shown,*" says the author, but does not think it convenient to show it, but merely puts a note to refer the reader to "Percival on Roman Schism." This is a very short way of proving it, indeed.

"3. IT IS NOT TRUE that it belongs to the Catholic Church, much less to the Roman Church, to *judge* of the true sense and interpretation of the Scriptures. God has given the Scriptures to the Church to be the infallible record of His holy will; but He has not granted to the Church to be the infallible interpreter of holy Scripture. No doubt the apostles did deliver to the Church the true interpretation of this infallible record. It is, therefore, the office of the Church to declare, *as a witness*, what has been the received sense and interpretation of Scripture; and so long as her decisions are consistent with that interpretation of Scripture, which has been received from the beginning, they are not to be rejected. But, if she presume to judge what ought to be the sense, otherwise than as a witness declaring what has been the received interpretation, she exceeds the limits of her office, and aspires to a superiority over the revealed will of God, instead of acting in subserviency to it."

It would avail very little to the

Church to have received the Scriptures as an *infallible* record of the divine will, if she cannot be an infallible interpreter. So does it avail very little to the Protestant Church, divided and subdivided without end. But I shall now take another way of arguing, and say that the Scriptures being clear according to Protestant principles, are in need of no interpreter, and consequently, the observation is totally uncalled for. Moreover, I would say, that the Scriptures being clear, it is impossible for their meaning to be unknown to the Church, and she must be an infallible interpreter.

What I found still more inconsistent, is, that immediately after saying that the Church did not receive from Christ the assistance to be an infallible interpreter, the author tells us: "No doubt the apostles did deliver to the Church the true interpretation of this infallible record." I suppose that the author believes that the apostles are not the Church, for he grants to them the infallibility of interpretation which he denies to her. I suppose that he believes that Christ gave *privileges* to a few men, and not to his Church, purchased by his blood. I suppose that he believes that the interpretation was only wanted when no errors, except few sprang up, and future generations should be left to their own knowledge. But if the Scriptures are so clear, why did the apostles give to the Church any interpretation of them? Moreover, if the apostles gave the infallible interpretation, and the Church is the authorized teacher, or the unexceptionable *witness* of it, then the Protestant principle of *private judgment* is destroyed, because nobody should dare to interpret the Scriptures but according to that testimony, or rather should give no interpretation whatever, but receive the one given by the Church, which is exactly the Catholic principle. By reading atten-

tively the above paragraph, you will perceive that the author admits tradition as a part of the rule of faith, because, independently of the Scripture, he speaks of its interpretation granted by Christ to the apostles, who communicated the same to the Church, and she kept it, and transmitted it as an infallible meaning of the infallible record. Thus comes truth to the lips of its enemies against their will!

Our author also tells us that the decisions of the Church should *not* be rejected as long as they are consistent with that interpretation of the Scriptures, which has been received from the beginning. But who is to decide whether they are or are not consistent? Private judgment? Then the testimony of the Church and her authority comes to nothing, and mankind is left without any guide.

In a note to the above paragraph, the author makes an effort to justify the doctrine of *private* judgment, by saying that the Jews practised it in the Synagogue, and those who were converted to Christianity did also follow the same principle. At first, it is absurd to form an argument from the Synagogue to show the nature of the Christian Church, for they differ *essentially*, and therefore, we never grant to the former any infallibility. The author brings the text of St. Luke, "Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" to prove the doctrine of *private judgment* in religion, without considering that there is no question whatever in the above text, about the interpretation of the Scriptures or about dogmas, but merely to prove to the enemies of Christ, that they were hypocrites, who pretended, unaware of the signs of His Divinity, and of the time of the Redemption. The Lord, very far from alluding to the Scriptures, meets the argument, or rather excuse, of the multitude, who perhaps, would plead their ignorance of the Scrip-

tures as to the extent of the proofs of His coming, and tells them that their own sense will be enough to perceive the nature of the things that were passing before them, and to know that they were proofs of an extraordinary event. Therefore, He makes use of the word *even*, which cannot be properly applied, unless there is some other sense to make, as a contradistinction, or rather comparison. "Yea," says the text, "and why, *EVEN* of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" Namely, the proofs are so evident, that even without any great knowledge of the Scriptures, your own good sense should convince you of the divinity of my doctrine and mission. Any other interpretation will bring the word *EVEN*, to be not only useless but ridiculous in the text, because, if private judgment should always be the rule, it would have no meaning or a very ridiculous one, to say *EVEN* your private judgment, &c. In this case, and in many others of a similar nature, the same truth can be proved by revelation, and also perceived by our own intellect, though not so perfectly. Thus we say to an Atheist, that not only revelation, but *even* his own good sense proves to him the existence of God, and, therefore, he is not excusable.

The author is aware of the impropriety of establishing private judgment, which often is nothing but individual pride, as an interpreter of the Scriptures, and therefore, he says, in the note above mentioned:—

"It is, therefore, a legitimate exercise of private judgment to search the Scriptures, and see whether the decisions of the Church agree with Scripture. Not, that a man is first to set up his own private interpretation of Scripture, and then reject the interpretation of the Church, because it may not happen to agree with his own (for that is setting up *himself* as

he infallible interpreter of Scripture;) but he must regard the decisions of the Church with the same deference as is due to the decision of a parent—not to be disputed, except when they cannot be complied with without offending against the written word of God.”

A man, says our author, should not set up *first* his private judgment, but at the same time he constitutes himself a judge of the Church, and only hears her decision to show his authority in refuting it, and pronouncing it to be against the word of God. However, he does all this very modestly, according to our author's advice, lest he should set up *himself* as the infallible interpreter! He must consider the Church as a parent but to correct her, and bring her to submission to his private judgment. Sometimes I suspect that the author is not in earnest, and my suspicion increases by reading the end of the curious note where he grants us the right of judging as we do, and if private judgment be the rule, our decision is as scriptural as theirs.

“And in this respect, *every man must and does* exercise his private judgment. The Dissenter exercises his private judgment in deciding that he is at liberty to judge for himself of the proper interpretation of the Scripture without any guidance from the Church. The Romanist exercises his private judgment in deciding that he ought to follow implicitly the guidance of the Church of Rome, without reference to Scripture. The member of the Church of England or of America exercises his private judgment in deciding that he ought to follow the guidance of his Church, so long as that Church is led by Scripture interpreted by the consentient voice of the Catholic Church from the beginning.”

According to the above paragraph, every doctrine is right, because every doctrine is according to the private judgment upon the Scriptures. However, the author, in order to blame us, and to represent us as enemies of the Scripture, says, that we follow the Church *without any reference to the Scriptures*, which is false. He says, that the Church of England and America follow the guidance of *the Church*, as long as that *Church* is led by the Scriptures *interpreted by the consentient voice of the Catholic Church, from the beginning*. This, as I have already observed, is the very doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church on tradition. It would not be an easy task for the author to prove from the Scriptures interpreted by the consentient voice of the Church from the beginning, that the real *presence* is idolatry, or any of the doctrines of his Church.

“4. IT IS NOT TRUE that the Church of Rome interprets the holy Scriptures according to the unanimous consent of the fathers.”

This is *said*, and no more. Excellent proof!!

“5. IT IS NOT TRUE that confirmation is truly and properly a sacrament of the new law, *i. e.*, an outward and visible sign, *instituted by Christ himself*, to be the means of conveying an inward spiritual grace—in the same sense, at least, in which Baptism and the Lord's Supper are sacraments.”

Here we find another unproved assertion, and we must believe that all is right, only because the author says that it is right. He endeavors to give some appearance of proof, by saying that Baptism and the Eucharist are the only sacraments established by Christ, because they are the only ones administered with the

words pronounced by Christ ; but every body perceives the incorrectness of this proof, for many things were established by Christ, for which we have no particular words pronounced by our Redeemer. The whole Gospel was established by Christ, and nothing was established by the Apostles, but by the orders of Christ—even among the Catholic theologians it is a point of controversy whether the *forms* of the sacraments, that is, the words by which they are administered were immediately established by Christ, or whether He established some through the medium of His Apostles or His Church, and although the first opinion be more probable, both parties agree that the point is not a matter of faith, and does not in the least alter the Catholic doctrine, for it will always be the same authority and virtue of the sacraments, whether they were established in one way or the other.

“6. IT IS NOT TRUE that penance (even according to the Roman doctrine) is truly and properly a sacrament ; because it has no outward sign *instituted by Christ himself.*”

It appears that the forgiveness of sins by the ministry of the Church has not been established by Christ, or that the ministry can be exercised without any outward sign. I scarcely can persuade myself that the author believes what he writes.

“7. IT IS NOT TRUE that extreme unction is a sacrament. Anointing was, indeed, an outward sign appointed by Christ, but it was appointed by him to be the sign of miraculous healing, and not as a preparative for death. When the powers of miraculous healing ceased in the Church, the use of this sign ceased too. Extreme unction, therefore, as it is practised in the Church of Rome, to be a means of grace to the dying,

has no foundation either in Scripture, or in the use of the primitive Catholic Church.”

The above is all gratuitous, and in order to prove it, it will be sufficient to copy the text of St. James, chap. v. as it is found in the Protestant Bible itself. “Is any sick among you ? Let him call for the Elders of the Church ; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayers of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up ; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.”

It is evident that anointing was intended, not only for the restoration of the sick, but for the justification of his soul, which surely, is the principal object, being the most dignified thing. How can the author say that extreme unction is not a preparative for death, and that there is no foundation in Scripture for such a doctrine, when he reads in the very text, that if a sick man has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him ? On the contrary, this is the principal object of this holy ordinance of Christ, because nobody would believe that all those that were anointed, were restored to health, neither could be our Lord's intention to promise such a thing, and we know this positively by knowing that those that were anointed in the primitive Church, at that period of miracles did die as the faithful die now, which would be inconsistent with such a promise. I should like, moreover, that Protestants would point out in the Scripture any text, stating that miracles would have such and such periods and no more, and from what time they ceased to be.

“8. IT IS NOT TRUE that orders is *truly* and *properly* a sacrament, though this, as well as other holy rites, is sometimes so called ; because

there is no proof that the outward sign by which grace in holy orders is conferred (viz., the imposition of hands) was *instituted by Christ himself*. When Jesus Christ ordained his apostles, 'He *breathed* on them, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.' The apostles, when they passed on their divine gift to their successors, did not use the same sign which Christ made use of, but *laid their hands on those whom they ordained*; and this has ever been the outward sign used in the Church in conferring holy orders."

It is really astonishing that the author would not perceive the evident contradiction that there is in the above paragraph. He says that the apostles passed their divine gift to their successors by the imposition of hands, but at the same time, he says that ordination is not a sacrament. What was that gift transmitted by the apostles? Was it any human thing or privilege? Surely not. Hence, by the imposition of hands was committed the true authority, and with it, the grace to fulfil the ministry according to the text of Acts, chap. xiii. v. 2 and 3. "As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, separate me Barnabas and Saul, for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid *their* hands on them, they sent *them* away." From this text, it is evident that they received the Holy Ghost, for otherwise, it would have been useless to have been selected by the Holy Spirit. Many other texts could be quoted.

"9. IT IS NOT TRUE that matrimony is truly and properly a sacrament; because it has no *outward sign instituted by Jesus Christ*, and was an holy estate ordained of God in the time of man's innocency."

It appears that the author would have matrimony as a holy state ordained of God, only for the time of man's innocence, and if it be so, I let him enjoy his opinion, which, no doubt, will be very acceptable to the Christian world; but if he thinks, as he should think, that matrimony is a holy state at the present time, then he must remember that there is no holiness without grace, and that Christ approving this holy estate and forbidding a man to leave his wife, but on the contrary to leave mother, father, brother, and sister, and to be united to her; established the sacrament, or elevated to the dignity of such the former ordinance, and consequently attached to it his grace. The author must know that Christ, in his mercy and wisdom, never enforced a duty without promising the grace to fulfil it, and therefore, to say that matrimony is a holy estate, approved and enforced by Christ, and that a man enters that state without receiving the grace of Christ to fulfil his promises, it is indeed, an absurd and scandalous proposition.'

I am afraid to tire your patience, I shall therefore pause for the present, to resume the subject in the next number.

I remain, &c.,

FELIX VARELA.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

DOMINICA PRIMA.—IN ADVENT.
AT LAUDS.*En clara vox redarguit.*

I.

A piercing voice is heard to ring
Through darkness and through cloud:
Hence, let all torpid sleep take wing,
For Jesus calls aloud.

II.

Let every drowsy mind arise,
Nor longer cleave to clay;
The new star shineth in the skies
To drive all guilt away.

III.

For us the holy Lamb appears
Our ancient debt to waive:
Oh! let us, every one, with tears,
His gracious mercy crave.

IV.

That when it shines, a second time,
And fills the world with dread,
He deal not with us for each crime,
But mercy o'er us spread.

V.

Power, honor, praise, and glory meet
Unto the Father be,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
For all eternity.

IN NATIVITATE DOMINI,—AT
VESPERE.*Jesu Redemptor omnium.*

I.

Jesus, Redeemer of the Earth, [light,
To Whom, ere beam'd the new-made
The Eternal Father did give birth,
Equal in glory and in might.

II.

Thou splendor of the Father, Thou
Perennial hope of human kind,
With Thee may every prayer and vow
Thy servants offer, favor find.

III.

Remember, Maker of the Earth,
That in a stainless Virgin's womb,
Thou once didst deign to take thy birth
And human nature's form assume.

IV.

This does the present day declare
Smiling once more the Earth upon:
Thou, man's salvation, didst appear,
Descending from the Father's throne.

V.

And we, who by thy blood divine
Are cleans'd, our voices, too, will raise,
On this, thy birth-day, and will join
Our tribute with the songs of praise.

VI.

Virgin-born Jesus, glory meet
To Thee and to the Father be,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Now and through all eternity.

EDITORIAL OBSERVATIONS.

WE owe an apology to our "old Mountain College" for having omitted the account of the distribution of premiums, &c., at the usual term of the scholastic year. We are sure the members of that institution, so dear to us, will attribute the omission to its proper cause—one of those oversights which daily occur in periodicals like ours. We are glad of this opportunity of expressing anew our attachment and respect for Mount St. Mary's College, with the prayer and the hope that she may "see many days," and flourish to the end.

ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION OF GEORGETOWN, D. C.—A paragraph taken from some secular paper and inserted without our knowledge in the *Expositor*, concludes with this absurd remark:—"we believe this academy is under the care of the ladies of the *Sacré Cœur*." Had that paragraph been original, it would indeed, have been a strange production from our pen.

MR. CAUSIN'S ORATION, before the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, will be noticed next month.

FATHER DE SMET'S LETTER FROM IRELAND.—We insert this interesting document from the hands of that excellent and amiable missionary. We feel assured that all our readers will thank us for it.

"To the VERY REV. DR. POWER.

DUBLIN, JULY 4th, 1843.

"Very Rev. and Dear Sir,—We had the best and most amiable of captains, Mr. Burrows, of Brooklyn; the cabin passengers were all gentlemen, up to the very word, and vied with each other, though of different

creeds and nations, in mutual attention and politeness—the very steerage passengers, about 150 in number, could not be better chosen—and not even from the sailors' lips did a single profane word escape. Sunday was strictly kept on board. Our noble vessel, like a beautiful temple dedicated to the Most High, with all its sails unfolded, and flags waving, floated majestically over the rolling billows of the broad Atlantic. The beads, the prayer-book, the holy Bible were seen in every hand—and all attended and seemed delighted and pleased, and filled with devotion at the instructive, pious, and eloquent discourses of the Right Rev. Bishops Hughes and Purcell. Our progress at sea for the first twelve days, was cheering in the highest degree, for we made more than two-thirds of our journey—then followed some easterly winds—at last we found ourselves becalmed near the bold and iron-bound shores of the Emerald Isle. Passengers became impatient and left the vessel in crowds. I followed the Right Rev. Bishops in a small fishing boat, and we landed in a most delightful little village on the southern shore, called Courtmacsherry. Like the spreading of the prairie fires on the far western wastes of America, the landing of the Bishops and Priests was soon rumored about among the peaceful and warm-hearted inhabitants of the town and its vicinity, and hundreds flocked around, and with welcomes and blessings from their lips, followed us to their new stone church. The next morning, being the fast day of St. Peter the Apostle, we celebrated the Most Holy Sacrifice, to return thanks to God for our preservation at sea, and to call for

blessings upon poor oppressed Ireland in her noble struggle for equal rights and Liberty. The church was crowded. I never witnessed sincerer piety and devotion—at the elevation of the Sacred Host, the audible and whispering prayers of the prostrated audience, were most moving. Expressive of the most lively faith, they drew tears of devotion from my eyes, and filled me with a holy awe and veneration.

“An English officer on duty here, waited on us, and though very courteous and polite, could not help expressing his uneasiness and apprehension at our arrival, for it had been spread about previously, that French officers were expected to land under the disguise of priests. The London *Times*, shortly after, had a whole rigmarole on the subject, and made sure we had come as agitators on the repeal question. After Mass we proceeded to Cork, via Bandon, where the celebrated Doctor England exercised his first zeal and eloquence, and I was told, was the first Priest admitted or allowed to live since the Reformation. Here, on the very gates of this city did Protestant bigotry write—*Jew, Idolater, and Pagan may enter, but no Papist!* This is an old story for your Reverence: I heard it here for the first time, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at learning at the same time the distich which the servant of Dean Swift wrote underneath:—

‘He that wrote this, wrote it well,

The same is written on the gates of hell.’

“The Right Rev. Bishops paid a visit to the brother of the lamented Dr. England, who resides in this city. We saw several most remarkable ruins of old monasteries. Between Courtmacsherry and Cork, the distance is 26 miles—the country is most delightful and highly cultivated, it is undulating and the fields are regular squares, surrounded by low walls—the whole landscape appeared to

us like a succession of checkerboards, painted with all the varieties of green, dame nature in all her glory and strength, is able to display. We arrived early in Cork, and just in time to shake hands with the second indefatigable Apostle of Ireland, the Very Rev. and celebrated Father Mathew. I inquired whether there was any truth in the rumor spread in the United States, of his visiting that country. He answered, *that he hoped to visit it next Spring*. I had the honor of presenting him with a volume of my *Indian Sketches*. I paid my respects likewise to the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, a most Apostolical man, the founder of many monasteries, and a great lover of literature—his library consists of upwards of 30,000 volumes. He made many inquiries after your health, and *spoke with delight and a joyful remembrance of the visit of Dr. PISE*. On Friday evening we proceeded to Dublin by stage; and arrived next day in that metropolis at 4 P. M. I lodged in the house of our Fathers, and met with the greatest kindness and politeness during my stay. On Monday, (and now pay attention) I visited DANIEL O’CONNELL, the Liberator, in the company of the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes. What a man!—my dear sir, what a man!!! I cannot express the delightful sensations and feelings I experienced on that occasion—my heart beat emotion—I never, never beheld a brighter, a more intelligent and expressive eye—it is everything—it fills with confidence and joy the oppressed of the land—and under its glance the proud noble quails—his face is most benevolent, his whole person is most imposing and commanding—his words flow like honey—but when he handles the oppressor as on the present occasion, they fall like a thunderbolt from his lips—he enraptures, he enchants and captivates—he paralyzes in an instant the big threatening words of

the menials in office. In a moment you feel at ease in his presence, as with an old acquaintance. The Right Rev. Bishop had expressed a desire to witness the repeal meeting in Dublin, to be held that very day: nothing would do, but we had to take our place next him in his own carriage. The procession of the Trades, with their respective banners, passed in front of his house and lasted three hours. It was supposed that no less than 30,000 tradesmen attended—the whole assembly consisted of upwards of 160,000 persons—the carriage of the *Liberator* was literally carried to the plain where the immense multitude was to meet. The sight was truly sublime—the order was perfect—Irish eloquence shone forth in all its lustre on that ever-memorable day from many an eloquent orator. D. O'Connell, John O'Connell, Grattan, son of the memorable lawyer of that name, Tom Steele, &c. The meeting lasted five hours, and thousands must have gone home with sore throats and hoarse voices, for a constant thunder of applause and hurrah was kept up all the time.

"I will relate to you two little incidents, as a sample of the warm feelings of the nation:—An old woman had come many a mile, merely to see the *Liberator*; she forced her way through the immense crowd, she climbed on the platform from whence O'Connell spoke—'Is this the great man?' she asked, her face beaming

with delight. (I was a witness to the moving scene.) Being answered in the affirmative, she pulled his coat in great earnest, exclaiming, 'Ah! sir, let me look at you!' He turned round with a smile and a bow, and a hearty 'Thank you, my good woman.' A gift of a thousand pounds could not have been more welcome to her. An old man, in the same predicament as the woman, reached our carriage with great difficulty—he seized with eagerness the hand of O'Connell, and with tears in his eyes he said, 'I have come far to see your Honor, and to touch your hand; now I am happy, and will return home rejoiced. May the Lord bless you!' As the man retired I heard O'Connell exclaim, 'What a nation!' His broad chest heaved—no doubt his benevolent heart was whispering, 'They shall be free!' We took dinner the same evening at his house, and a true patriarch is he in the midst of his interesting family.

"Dublin is one of the most magnificent cities I ever beheld, its public buildings are very beautiful, and its environs, as to the picturesque, can hardly be equaled. All that I have seen in Ireland has filled me with delight, and if the hand of the oppressor were from her, Ireland no doubt would soon rank among the greatest nations of the earth. All that is great may be found among the Irish."

Freeman's Journal.

REVIEWS.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC FAMILY BIBLE.

Four numbers of this magnificent edition of the Holy Bible lie on our

table. It is a splendid work, and should meet with deserving encouragement from the Catholic community. The engravings, especially

that of the Redeemer, after Carlo Dolce, are of the highest character. The print is large and bold, the paper thick and white, and the whole admirably gotten up. Most earnestly do we recommend it to the Catholics of these States, who should not be without a copy of the holy Scriptures. It is published at No. 18 Carmine, corner of Bleecker-street.

MANUAL OF CATHOLIC MELODIES, or a Compilation of Hymns, Anthems, Psalms, &c., with appropriate airs and devotional exercises, for the ordinary occasions of Catholic piety and worship. By Rev. James Hoerner. Baltimore, J. Murphy. New-York, E. Dunigan, 151 Fulton-street.

The manner in which this work is presented to the public is highly creditable to the taste and munificence of the publisher. It is no doubt an expensive undertaking, but worthy of the Catholic public. Indeed, to compress our terms of praise into their proper embodiment, it is a beautiful *gem* of workmanship. Touching the contents—the style of the music, the language of the hymns, and all the other matter—we cannot but deem them worthy of commendation, when we find them approved by five Bishops of the United States. We trust the excellent publisher will meet with encouragement, and be amply repaid for his splendid compilation.

ORATION delivered in St. Mary's Church, Charleston, on the 4th of July, before the Washington Society, by C. B. NORTHROP.

This is an excellent production, full of passionate eloquence and lofty patriotism—as a fair specimen of the whole, we subjoin the following extract:—

“Sooner or later mankind will recover their long lost rights, and the efforts of tyranny to suppress the

mighty movement now begun, will be as impotent as the Persian's threat to chain the stormy Hellespont. The fearful lessons which the revolution of France has taught the monarchs of Europe, and its manifestation of the awful power which slumbers in every people, will never be forgotten, either by crowned potentates or their enslaved subjects. Though Moloch—the demon of slaughter—usurped the judgment seat of liberty, and desolated unhappy France, still the bloody terrors of that dark day are a warning to the oppressor.

“With just pride we contemplate, throughout the world, the potent influence of our revolution. What was an experiment has become an established principle, and what was condemned as visionary and absurd, is acknowledged a general law of human nature. That man was created to be free, and is capable of self-government, will scarcely be denied, with its magnificent demonstration spread before the world, and while seventeen millions of people live in peace and power under a government founded upon that axiom. In '76, a few political enthusiasts proclaimed the Gospel of Liberty, and were only a little more respected than were at first the apostles of divine revelation. That gospel will spread wherever civilization exists, and will be venerated next only to christianity.

“Our institutions have been as unknown to Europe as were our shores asunder, but science and art are rapidly narrowing the separation. The mighty enginery of steam has built a bridge of boats across the Atlantic, more grand than that by which the Persian myriads passed to Greece with chains already forged, and for the nobler purpose of that commerce, in which the literature and science of the old world are exchanged, for the liberal principles and unshackled invention of the new. The influence of this communion has been to create

a power, which, not even the autocrat of Russia can despise. The regard which princes show to public opinion, indicates a change which has already taken place, and proves that even under the dynasties of kings, the people are acknowledged sovereign. Even now, the ground under every throne of Europe, is rocking as with an earthquake.

"We cannot regard with indifference the struggles of any people for the principles we have established, for we hear only the reverberating echoes of our own great proclamation. It may be the design of Him who rules the destinies of nations, and "holds the Earth in the hollow of his hand," that the progress of this cause shall be peaceful, but if, as it has ever been, the liberties of man are to be purchased with blood, and won in the field of death, we cannot but perceive that we are the standard bearers of the world's regeneration, and that wherever our principles are promulgated, we are responsible for them, and bound to recognize them as our own. Whenever an oppressed people rise up against their rulers, and proclaim the right of self-government, we cannot shrink from owning them as brothers, and whether for weal or woe, acknowledging their independence. Away then with the narrow and timid doctrine, that we are to remain passive while a suffering and provoked people are in the extremities to which their adoption of our principles may have brought them; and that we are not to regard them as an independent nation until they have actually achieved their freedom.

"England will, ere long, acknowledge her obligation to America for the amelioration of her condition, when the intelligence and resolution of her people overmatch the selfish and prescriptive oppression of the favored few. No despair now follows repeated disappointment, and

the passionate declaration of the poet has become a household truth, and the abiding faith of every down-trodden man:

———'Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.'

"The British empire, like the sturdy oak—which, because it is the monarch of the woods, is one of her arrogant emblems—has overshadowed the earth with its outstretched arms; but like that oak, when time has stricken his long deferred blow, has a decayed heart and crumbling trunk. Unless the principles of liberty are acknowledged in those imperial islands—unless the spirit of liberty renovates their disordered social system—not all their countless treasure—their famed navies and veteran legions—not all their unrivaled science and practised skill can save the colossal pillar of their greatness from tumbling ruin. Behold a starving and uneducated people clamoring for the hard-earned bread of over-strained labor. The toils of manhood are not enough for the exactions of the money-inspired, money-worshipping England: the gentler sex, unable to sweeten those toils by cheering the laborer's home, are compelled to task their delicate strength and patient endurance in the same workshops where the father and husband, the mother and wife, with their tender offspring, all purchase the poor sustenance of the body by its absolute enslavement, and the moral depravity and self-abandonment of neglected intellect and spiritual debasement. Let the suffering people rise up—not to overthrow, but to supplicate their oppressors—to exhibit their galling fetters, and famine-stricken frames—to remonstrate at the iniquity and rapacity of their rulers, and they are answered by the clanging tramp of the dragoon, and the fixing of the bayonet.

"Let those rulers beware how they listen not to the complaints of the

people. Let them beware how they keep them in darkness, and imagine that the blindness of the people is security for their unrighteous tyranny; lest like Samson with his eyes put out, they grasp the pillars of the empire, and overwhelm their tyrants and themselves in common destruction. Behold, even now, the sublime spectacle of the Scottish Church, in its 'living martyrdom,' invoking a serious and religious people to resist an unholy molestation of her consecrated altars. Behold the outraged, insulted, and plundered inhabitants of Ireland, gathering with unanimity unparalleled, to proclaim their stern defiance of an audacious and oppressive government; while with brutal violence the lion of England tears the bleeding lamb of their Church; and the indignant assertion of their constitutional rights is responded to by the cruel threat of jail and gibbet.

"Can the free citizens of these United States remain insensible to the peril of that gallant people, who, as by a miracle, have dashed away the cup in which they had sought 'to forget their misery'—have cleansed themselves from the pollution of intemperance—clothed with the armor of righteousness—and with the ban-

ner of liberty ready to be unfurled—demand for themselves and their posterity the restoration of those rights of which they have been perfidiously spoiled? Let them feel assured that we sympathize in their afflictions, and honor the cause of mankind, once peculiarly our own. If their infatuated rulers draw the sword, let us hail the unfurling of their banner, and repay the unforgotten debt of gratitude, contracted upon every battle field of our revolutionary war. Let the lordly oligarchs of worn-out feudalism—let the luxurious sensualists in their debauching banquets—let the selfish and crafty priesthood of Mammon in their purse-proud insolence—attempt to hold in bondage, as their serfs, the yeomanry of England—to annihilate the chartered liberties of the unconquerable Highlanders—and impiously to violate 'the spouse of Heaven' in 'the island of saints,'—and though they may close their eyes to 'the hand writing on the wall,' which 'the finger of God' will mark thereon, their destruction will be inevitable and sudden; and the noble people of the united republics of Great Britain and Ireland will be 'emancipated, regenerated, and disenthralled.'"

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

SISTER PETRONILLA.—Last Saturday morning saw the remains of this meek and saintly servant of God committed to the vault in the cemetery of Trinity Church, where already repose the remains of two other daughters of St. Vincent de

Paul. She breathed her last on Thursday, the 3d inst., about five o'clock P. M., wasted by a long and tedious illness, yet to the moment of her death retaining her faculties unclouded—and exhibiting the same gentle, submissive spirit to the will of heaven, which characterized her whole earthly career. Lingerings as

was her illness—for the last six months appearing to be nought but an hourly struggle between life and death—her pale and wasted features assumed their wonted expression; and to those who gazed upon them in the light of the chapel lamp, may well have suggested the consoling reflection of the apostle, “Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, from henceforth, now they may rest from their labors: for their works follow them.” The corpse was conveyed from the Chapel of the Asylum to St. Mary’s, where at the close of the Holy Sacrifice, Bishop Kenrick gave a brief, but touching tribute to the memory of the deceased. Her remains were attended to the Church and to the grave by nearly all the Catholic clergy at present in the city—by the Sisters of Charity from our different institutions, by the Orphans of St. Joseph’s Asylum, and by a number of ladies and gentlemen, who would not be deterred by the inclemency of the weather, from paying this last mark of their respect to one who had so deservedly won the love and gratitude of all under her care—the respect of all who were so happy as to know her saintly virtues.

It is now about twenty years since Sister Petronilla first took charge of St. Joseph’s Asylum. During this period it has continued to improve and increase from year to year—which may be mainly attributed to the maternal tenderness, the calm foresight, the meek reliance on Providence, the prudent economy, which have marked her government of the numerous, youthful, and (in the sight of heaven) holy family, entrusted to her care. We might indeed grieve to see such an one taken from us—did we not know that her hour was come to her from the lips of Him to whom her whole heart was devoted—“Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou, into the joy

of thy Lord”—did we not also know that the community of which for so many years she has been a member, possesses more than one Petronilla. Catholics can never prize too highly the services of such friends of God. Unknown to the majority of the community among whom they pass their days—unseen by nearly all, their lives are one continued service of God and man, more valuable oftentimes in the eyes of Heaven, than the most applauded labors of more public and distinguished servants of the Church. To the departed, and to such as her, whether in religious communities, or living “in the world,” our thoughts immediately reverted, on reading in the last No. of the *British Critic*, the truthful observation:—“The Church of God is helped by nought, so much as by the secret prayers and intercessions of holy souls”—and again, that other remark quoted in the same Protestant journal, from a Catholic writer: “Some pure and humble soul, unknown of men, or perchance, despised by them, often saves the city, the province, or the country in which she lives. And how does she save them? By her love for God—her sufferings, her prayers.” We quote from memory, as the “*Critic*” is not within reach at this moment: it is the sentiment of the Reviewer, but expressed by *him* far more completely and beautifully. When men, still, without the pale of the Church, come to hold such views with regard to the efficacy of prayer and the priceless value of the Religious Life, well may Catholics learn with what love, and gratitude, and reverence they should look upon these holy institutions, and those whom God has called to serve Him in them. They cannot do too much to uphold and extend their influence. That influence never ceases. When they among their most valued members are removed from among us, by death, we cannot

say but that they are gone only to another portion of God's Universal Church, where their love and prayers will be of greater service to His people than they can any longer be on earth. Such, we may trust, is the lot and occupation of the devoted Sister who has just gone from among us, to receive the reward of her services from that God to whom her heart, her virtues, and her acquirements, from early life, have been devoted.

SILEX.

Catholic Herald.

BISHOP FLAGET has recently received letters from Bishop Chabrat, who wrote from Lyons. We regret to say that these letters represent the condition of the venerable Bishop of St. Louis, Dr. Rosatti, as very precarious, and calculated to inspire well-founded apprehensions. We hope that the next accounts will bring news of his recovery.

Catholic Advocate.

EARLY INTELLIGENCE.—Our pignon has just dropped us a Roman *biglietto*, from which we learn that on the 7th inst. in an assembly of the S. Congregation of Propaganda Fide, Very Rev. Michael O'Connor, Vicar General of the diocese of Philadelphia, on the recommendation of the late Provincial Council of Baltimore, was chosen bishop of Pittsburg, and the appointment subsequently confirmed by his Holiness. The other episcopal nominations were deferred to the next meeting of the S. Congregation, at which the acts of the Council were to be examined. The *biglietto* bears marks of authenticity. Never was a despatch communicated more quickly by *Telegraph*.

Catholic Herald.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF ANOTHER CONVERT.—The name of the companion of Mr. Bailey, in his studies for the priesthood, is George

F. X. Haskins, formerly an Episcopal minister at Boston, and Director of the House of Refuge. He was received into the Catholic Church by a clergyman of the Diocese of Boston, Rev. Wm. Wiley, if we are not misinformed, and subsequently went to Rome, where he contributed much to the conversion of Mr. Bailey. Subsequently they went to Paris, and entered into the institution of St. Sulpice, where they are at present. In letters to their friends they express their happiness in their present situation.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Ordinations.*—At the Cathedral, on the 14th and 15th of July, the Most Rev. Archbishop conferred the orders of subdeacon and deacon on Henry Toppert and Herman Blatte, of the Society of the Most Holy Redeemer; and on Sunday, the 16th, in St. James' Church, the same candidates were raised to the holy order of priesthood. At the same time, minor orders were conferred on Frantz Schugg, Frantz Seelos, and Karl Hofer.

At Georgetown, on the 2d of July, James Aloysius Ward, John Ev. Blox, Charles Henry Stonestreet, William Francis Clarke, and William Michael Logan were ordained subdeacons by the Most Rev. Archbishop Eccleston, and on the 3d of the same month, deacons, in the chapel of the Visitation Convent. On the 4th of July, they were elevated to the honor of priesthood by the same prelate in Trinity Church, with much solemnity, before a large congregation, who were much impressed and edified with the whole ceremonial.

Confirmation.—The sacrament of confirmation was administered in St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., on Sunday, 2d of July last, to two hundred and thirty persons, of whom eighty were converts from Protestantism.

In Georgetown, D. C., one hundred

and thirteen persons, of whom eight were converts, received the same sacrament, on the 15th of June last, at Trinity Church.

From the Catholic Telegraph.

CELEBRATION OF ST. DOMINIC'S.
Mr. Editor :—It will no doubt be interesting to some of the readers of the Telegraph to hear that the new splendid Church of St. Joseph's near Somerset was opened for Divine service on the 4th inst. That being the Festival of St. Dominic, the founder of the celebrated Order of Preachers, was chosen to offer up the first Mass within the walls of this Church. With many of the citizens of Zanesville I embraced the opportunity of visiting that place, the spot from whence Catholicity has spread throughout this diocese, and beholding a church of the pure Gothic style, of 125 feet by 54, erected and dedicated to the service of Religion on the site where stood a few years ago the only Catholic church in Ohio. We reached the place in time to take a hurried view of the exterior before the service commenced. Near the church stands the Convent of St. Joseph's. This is a handsome brick building of three stories and a good basement, in which the noviceship of the Order in this State is held and the young men destined to become its members are prepared for the church. I was told, it at present has several talented youths, who promise one day to become ornaments of the Order, with four or five lay brothers.

The log house, in which the late Bishop of Cincinnati, Dr. Fenwick, and his co-frere, Rev. N. D. Young, lived for several years the only Priests in Ohio, is still standing, and is used for the reception and accommodation of strangers who visit the establishment. On the whole, I do not know a handsomer and more eligible situation west of the mountains than St. Joseph's, at least for such an establishment. A beautiful garden, de-

lightful water, and every convenience the country can afford, suitable for such an establishment, make it enchanting to strangers.

The service commenced at 10 o'clock. The august Sacrifice was solemnly offered up by the Very Rev. C. P. Montgomery, the choir chanting accompanied by the fine Organ built some years ago by Mr. Schwabe of your city. After its conclusion, Rev. N. D. Young, Pastor of Somerset Church, ascended the pulpit, taking his text from Psalms xci, 12.: he commenced by stating that he preached from that pulpit 25 years ago, and that it was the first Catholic Pulpit ever erected in Ohio. He then reminded his hearers of the progress religion had made in Ohio, since that period, that then the Catholics were indeed small, like the mustard seed, and scattered through the State, and how for a succession of years his Brethren had with his humble assistance, labored to bring about what they now beheld, flourishing congregations in almost every county. He reminded them especially of their first lamented Bishop, how often many of them had heard his pathetic instructions from that pulpit, and recalled to their remembrance the eloquence of F. Hill and the fervent zeal of F. O'Leary they had so often heard from the same stand. Then the Rev. Preacher entered on the life of St. Dominic and showed how much religion is indebted to this great Saint, by his apostolic labors, or that of his children, here and in almost every part of the Christian world. That the Order of St. Dominic had given to the Church, five Popes, upwards of fifty Cardinals, sixteen hundred Bishops, six hundred Archbishops, and many other dignitaries. I could give you many other interesting things on which the Preacher dwelt, but as my account has already swelled beyond my intention I must conclude it at present.

A SUBSCRIBER.

FOREIGN.

From the Bath Herald.

MEMOIR OF THE RT. REV. PETER AUGUSTINE BAINES, *Bishop of Siga, and Vicar Apostolic of the Western District in England, &c.*—The following memoir of the late Dr. Baines, from the pen of one of his private friends, which has been handed to us for insertion, will, probably, be found interesting to many of our readers:—

With the Right Rev. Dr. Baines, this short and hurried notice, written in the deepest affliction, cannot hope to compete, either in its general detail, or in its manner of treatment; still, should the affectionate admirers of the deceased prelate, be at all gratified with the following early particulars, the object of the writer will have been abundantly fulfilled. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Baines was born of respectable parents in Kirby, a small village not very distant from Liverpool, in the spring of 1786. When he was about eleven years of age, he was sent to Lampspring, a Benedictine Convent, situated in Prussian Germany, to which his parents destined him. He soon distinguished himself in this convent by his proficiency in his studies, and here it was that, at an early age, he laid the foundation of his future high attainments as a classical scholar. He remained in this convent about four years, until the period of the suppression of ecclesiastical establishments during the French Revolution, when he was obliged to return to England. After a few months spent with his parents, he repaired to Ampleforth, which had just been purchased by the Benedictines for a conventual and collegiate establishment. Here, though very young, he was appointed to superintend the department connected with the studies of the college, which he conducted with very great ability and success, at the same time pursuing his own course of divinity, in or-

der to prepare himself for the holy state to which he was an aspirant.

At the age of 24, we see him ordained priest, and shortly after appointed to the Bath mission. Previous to his departure from the north he preached several most powerful sermons; the one he delivered at Sheffield excited particular attention. In the year 1817 he arrived at Bath, in which his zeal for the progress of his religion had ample scope for manifestation. This was speedily shown by his dutiful discharge of his missionary functions, by the superior splendor with which the ritual of his Church was revived, and by his splendid pulpit discourses. It was in this town that his incessant labors, both of body and mind, gave the first severe shock to a constitution naturally far from delicate. In 1823, Mr. Baines was appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Collingridge, and was consecrated Bishop in Dublin, on the 1st of May, in the same year. He was, therefore, at the period of his decease, the senior Vicar Apostolic of the Catholic Church in England. Increasing bad health soon rendered a Continental tour advisable, not to say necessary; and during the three years spent abroad with the object of repairing a shattered constitution, Bishop Baines amassed stores of knowledge, which subsequently obtained for him the reputation of being one of the best informed men of his day. We may also look back to this period as to the time when the elegant taste with which he was gifted by nature was improved and fully developed, and which taste became afterwards so apparent in the arrangement and disposal of the College and grounds of Prior Park, purchased by him, almost unaided, and certainly with the greatest opposition from numerous quarters, soon after his return home. This event took place shortly after the demise of Bishop Collingridge. It is much to

be feared, that whatever advantages his enfeebled frame may have derived from his Continental sojourn, were completely counteracted by the severe shock his lordship must have experienced at the conflagration of 1836, by which the centre mansion in which his lordship and the supporters of the College resided, was totally consumed. Few persons could have borne up against an adversity so unforeseen, so unexpected. Nothing daunted in mind, however much affected bodily, and with a faith capable of removing mountains, the subject of this notice proceeded to repair this so severe a loss, and, with the blessing of God, lived to see himself the founder and the father of two noble colleges, admirably adapted for the rearing of his youthful clergy, and for the instruction of children of tender age, as well as the education of young men preparing to tread the stage of life. We are lost in wonder when we behold the noble effects produced by the genius of a single man, working, we had almost said, alone. The system of studies, both secular and ecclesiastical, pursued at these colleges, and which is printed in the form of a pamphlet, was principally devised by Dr. Baines, and has met with the unqualified approbation of several of the leading men both of the Catholic and the Protestant world. As a preacher, Dr. Baines had no superior; and to whom shall we point as to an equal? The popularity of his discourses may be illustrated by the fact that a single sermon, preached by him at Bradford, in Yorkshire, entitled—"Faith, Hope, and Charity," has been translated into all the languages of Europe; and the number of copies circulated in England alone must have exceeded the enormous amount of 300,000. All who have had the pleasure of being present at his lordship's sermons must have fully appreciated the distinctness of articulation, the solidity

of argument, the simplicity of subject matter, intelligible to the meanest capacity, and that quiet ease in delivery, which, while it impressed every beholder with its perfect nature, grace, and beauty, caused each to wonder how it was attainable in his own particular case, and proved how much more easy it is to *admire* than *imitate* perfection. His piety was so great, that when speaking of the passion and sufferings of our Saviour, he never failed to melt into tears, and was often totally overpowered by his feelings.

As a private gentleman, Dr. Baines must ever be remembered for his noble and independent spirit, for his unimpeachable honor, for his courtesy and solid acquirements. To an intimate acquaintance with the classics, together with the dead and living languages, must be added a refined taste for music, a love of the fine arts generally, and a success in the cultivation of poetry, only to be equaled by the masterly prose compositions which are the offspring of his varied genius. As a Christian minister, and a Bishop of the Catholic Church, Dr. Baines fulfilled his duties impartially, and with unflinching zeal. To the poor his loss will be great—his heart ever bled for their sorrows, and in him they had a powerful and a willing advocate. One of the latest productions of his pen demands, rather than solicits help for the distressed; and in the Lenten Pastoral of 1843, the voice of the Church calls through him in majestic language for the exercise of the greatest of virtues, a virtue which "covereth a multitude of sins," a virtue by which those who "give to the poor, lend to the Lord." Dr. Baines, it has been justly remarked, died as he had lived, in the full discharge of his duties. When this benevolent, talented, and more than beloved pastor, had attended the annual exhibition of studies, and had opened

a new church at Bristol, he knew and felt that his college and district were on a firm footing. What had he now to attach him to the world? "You will believe me, gentlemen," were his words on the evening before his decease, when he returned thanks for the rapturous manner in which his health had been received, "you will believe me, gentlemen, when I say, that I have this night met with the only earthly reward I could covet." This language was prophetic! He retired to rest exhausted with his too great labors, and next morning Dr. Baines was no more! He had breathed forth his soul during sleep, and we trust has gone only to meet with that reward in comparison of which the rewards of this earth are as nothing. The consciousness of his having done his duty faithfully, endowed his features even in death with a placid smile, which four days afterwards remained unaltered, even with the ravages of incipient decomposition. His lordship will be buried, as he had often expressed a wish, in the chapel of the college—there will be seen his tomb—but build no monument to Bishop Baines. Hasten to Prior Park, and there

"Si quæris monumentum circumspecte?"

There view that colossal mind cast in stone! Thus, then, has the reminiscent thrown together the few remarks which he trusts will not be deemed uninteresting to the friends of the deceased bishop; and thus have a few general facts been attempted to be recorded in these sentences of a life, which volumes hereafter will fail to sufficiently illustrate. Hundreds and thousands may weep over the loss, which Providence in its inscrutable

judgments, has called upon them to bear; but from the chain of individual existence, can no single link have been riven with more violence than from that of the compiler of these hurried remarks.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit:
Nulli flebilior quam mihi!

MÆRENS.

PUSEYISM AT WALWORTH.—The following is part of a sermon preached by the Tractarian curate (Mr. Askel) of St. Peter's Church, Walworth, on Sunday, the 7th inst. The preacher took his text from Colossians iii., the middle clauses of the 9th and 10th verses:—"Ye have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man." The new man he interpreted to mean baptism, and stated that the consecrated water of the baptismal font cleansed from all original sin; and notwithstanding all that the world might say, the Church had positively declared in the Prayer-book that we are regenerated; quoting that beautiful passage in Ezekiel, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you," &c., to justify the assertion; and went on to state, that in order to retain our baptismal purity, certain duties must be performed, of which he gave a long catalogue. Then, said he, we may claim St. Peter and St. Paul, Timothy and Titus, the martyr Stephen, and above all, the Blessed Virgin Mary, with the rest of the saints, for our brothers and sisters; but neglecting the above list of duties, we should be consigned to everlasting burnings, and the cross that has been made upon our forehead by the finger of God's priest, would burn as though branded with a hot iron.—*London Patriot.*

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